

The TATLER

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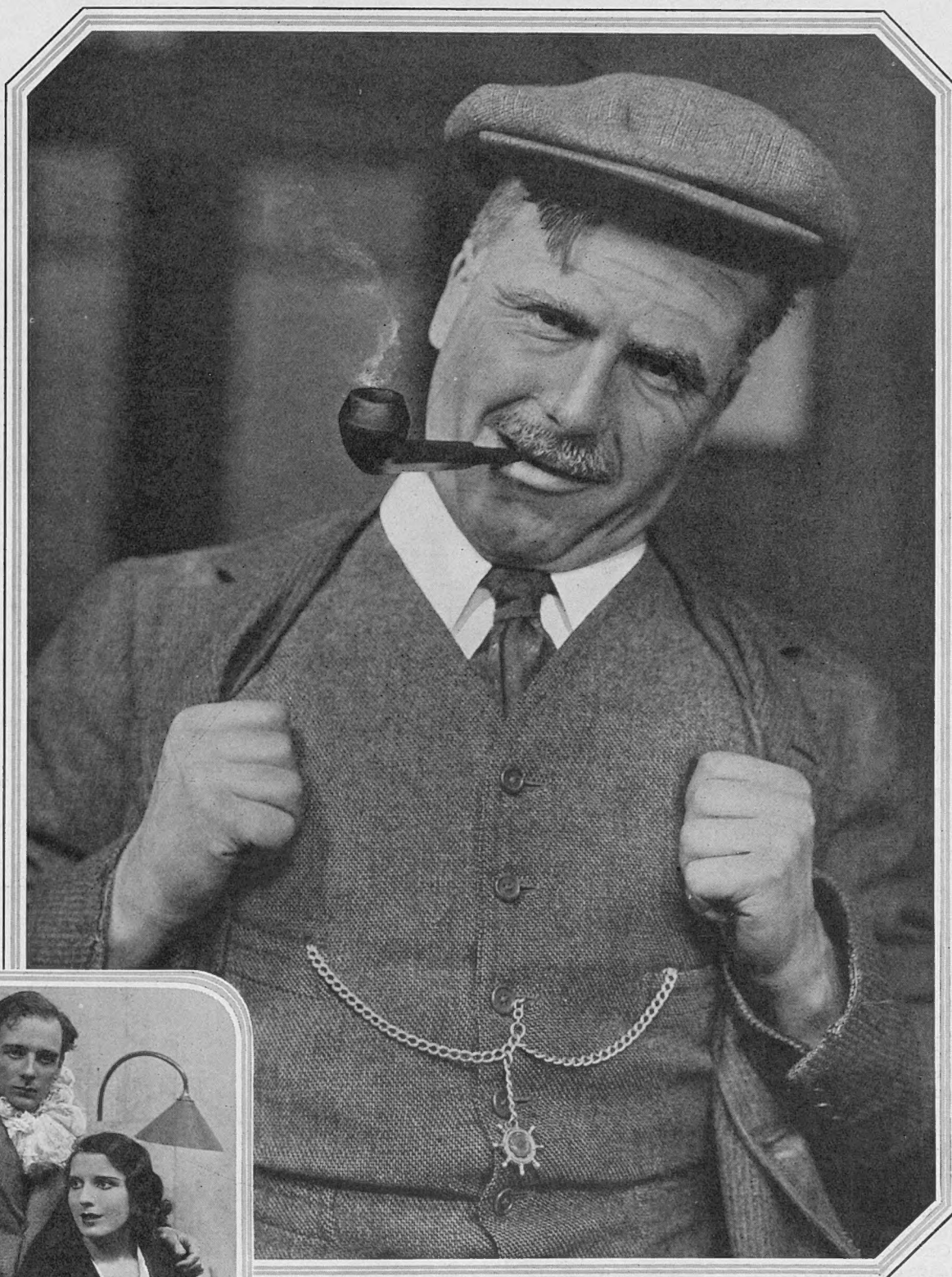
The TATTLER

Vol. CXX. No. 1563.

London, June 10, 1931

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Stage Photo Co.

**"THE GOOD COMPANIONS": JESS OAKROYD HIMSELF
(MR. EDWARD CHAPMAN)**

(Inset)—INIGO (MR. JOHN GIELGUD) AND SUSIE (MISS ADELE DIXON)

If the book was a success the dramatized version of J. B. Priestley's wonderful study of life as it is lived is an even greater one. To place a story like this upon the stage cannot have been an easy matter for the adaptors, who were the author and Mr. Edward Knoblock. With so much material, and all of it important to the structure, it was an almost herculean task to condense it. Yet it has been achieved magnificently, and the play is packing His Majesty's at every performance. Mr. Edward Chapman is a marvellous Jess, and Mr. Gielgud and Miss Dixon take high honours as Inigo and Susie

The Letters of Eve



DERBY DAY: CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE, LADY MILBANKE, LADY WESTMORLAND, AND MRS. EUAN WALLACE

There was something like a record muster at Epsom, and it is more than likely that this was due in no small measure to the presence of Their Majesties and a desire on the part of every-one to give a particularly special reception to the King. The outburst of cheering was rather like a young earthquake, and it rolled from the paddock right over the Downs to the spot where they send the horses away on that fateful cruise in the Derby. Mrs. Euan Wallace, who is one in the above group of well-known people, was Miss Barbara Lutyens

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
THE Derby must be the keynote for this week, my friend; however much I might want to be original it cannot be ignored. Everything contributed towards its success from the sun downwards, and really summer clothes could safely take the air. It is hard to begin a description of such a phenomenal day, so completely in the public eye as to be blinding to coherence.

Anyhow, we will begin at 2.15 at Epsom, when a procession started from the stands which equalled the determination of termites in getting to the paddock. His Majesty's welcome on arrival was a vociferous birthday greeting, but he did not come to view the horses at close range before the big race.

It was amusing to see the way in which excitement affected people, for there was no doubt the air was electric whilst the runners were parading. One woman who had got a good place on the rails round the ring twittered at her fancy when he first passed her, and put her hand out as if to entice a bird. The colt so treated quite rightly nearly kicked her teeth out.

* * *
Silver foxes abounded everywhere; those in thin frocks relied on them for warmth in case



AND ALSO: CAPTAIN AND LADY MARY HERBERT

Some more people who, let us hope, backed Mr. Dewar's beautiful little colt. Lady Mary Herbert is a daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester. Her brother, Lord Stavordale, was married the other day to Miss Helen Ward, the daughter of the late the Hon. Cyril Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Ward



MORE EPSOM: MRS. RALPH THOMAS AND SIR JOSEPH LAYCOCK

Sir Joseph Laycock and family are particularly well known up Leicestershire way; his son is in the Blues and one of his daughters is the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie, and another the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, and they all go "right up to head" when hounds run

of a reverse in the weather, and others, less optimistic, took refuge in their becomingness. As the paddock seethed with memorable people, I can only mention some in vague order of notice. Lord Londesborough accompanied Lady Warrender, who wore bright blue; Lady Sykes, not long home from India, met a lot of friends delighted to welcome her; Mrs. Olaf Hambro looked charming in brown with pale pink camellias in her small brown cap.

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam was one of the few who wore a brimmed hat, Miss Whitaker in bright green being another; Mrs. Norman Loder, in brown, was walking with Lord Manton; Lady Broughton, in black, had a big fur collar to her coat. Spots were prevalent; Lady Kathleen Rollo's white dress was sprinkled with black ones, Lady Cambridge's with brown, and Mrs. Gilbert Greenall wore blue and white.

More cautious were the wearers of coats and skirts. Miss Ulrica Thynne and Miss Cecilia Elles had pale grey ones with black points, i.e. shoes, hats, and furs. Mrs. Robin Grosvenor was also in grey, and Kathleen Lady Drogheda's colour scheme of blue and red was simple and successful.

* * *
There seems to be no end to new night haunts. But the clever lighting arrangement of the

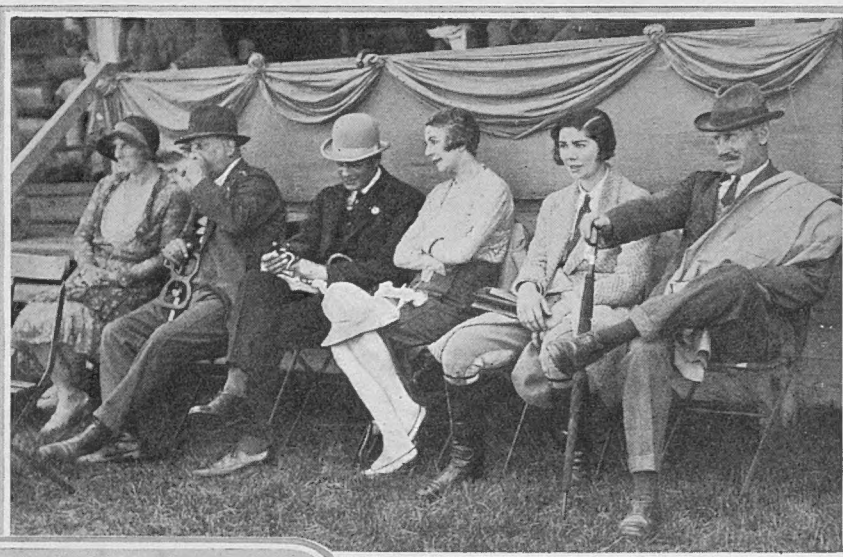
Malmaison should ensure its success among women at any rate, I say, aspihly, for the subdued twilight effect is particularly becoming. This is achieved by the illumination coming from the base of the window recesses and, lighting up the mauvy pink satin curtains, gives an entrancing illusion of bright sun shining outside. The men, on the other hand, are inclined to deplore such gloom when combating kipper bones.

The other night old tunes, such as "See me dance the polka," chivvied people into being energetic, and the way in which the Prince of Wales survived the whole of the "Blue Danube" was an example to the idle. He danced a good deal with Lady Furness, whose black dress worn with very long black kid gloves, was the acme of smartness.

The dim light made it difficult to see who else was there in the charming V-shaped room, but Lord Westmorland's bright smile was a landmark, and Lady Mary Grosvenor, in sapphire blue, gave a thrilling account of the dreadful experience she had with her mother when riding at the Devon County Show recently; the terrific thunderstorm which descended on them and flooded out the ground produced hailstones which rivalled the eggs in the produce exhibits.

It is quite unnecessary to want a horse in order to justify a visit to Tattersall's. In fact, at this time of the year it is one of the chief meeting-places for people in London on Sunday and Monday, and if anyone of particularly sporting proclivities is wanted at short notice on those days, Knightsbridge Green is the covert to draw. Derby and Ascot Mondays are the star days for this sport, and last week was no exception, when well-known horses and their owners from all parts of the country were on view, to their mutual advantage.

Walking casually into the sale yard, it is possible to pick out the people whose habit it is to frequent it and those who come for curiosity and society. The habitués can immediately be recognized by the tilt of their hat,



AT THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW AT PORTSMOUTH

A group snapped whilst the judging was going on, in which the names are Mrs. Digby, Major George Evans, Master of the Hampshire, Lieut.-Colonel Wingfield Digby, Master of the Blackmore Vale, Constance, Duchess of Westminster, Lady Mary Grosvenor, and someone else

their judicious silence when near the rostrum, and a furtive look not engendered by guile but by a healthy desire to refrain from catching the auctioneer's eye without intention. Unlike an ingenuous friend of mine who, taken to see this, one of England's most established sights, gazed open-eyed about her and after a while nodded towards Mr. Tattersall and said, "Where can I have met that man before? he seems to know me quite well." Luckily the horse of the moment was in considerable demand.

When the Whaddon Chase Hunt horses were sold there was an enormous yardful of people at Tattersall's. Lord Rosebery had a busy day with the Press Club luncheon for Derby owners sandwiched in between the questions asked by would-be purchasers of his stud.

ENGAGED: MR. WALTER BURRELL AND THE HON. JUDITH DENMAN

Another snapshot at the Derby last week. The engagement was announced only the other day. The bridegroom-to-be is Sir Merrik Burrell's elder son and the Hon. Judith Denman, Lord and Lady Denman's only daughter

well in black with a black and red turban, was rather sad at parting with her horses, but she and her husband have decided to sell every two years.

A large contingent from Leicestershire included Major and Mrs. Jack Harrison, Miss Monica Sheriffe in black and white, and the Misses Paravicini in bright red with "curly dog" collars were making a tour with Miss Elizabeth Harrison. Mrs. John Heseltine, Mrs. Hilton Green, acknowledged judges of a horse, Mrs. Towers Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bellville were also there. The overhead light of the yard is particularly becoming; at any rate in the case of Mrs. Bill Leslie who, in a pale pink sailor hat and a black suit looked as nice as anyone could wish.

It struck me that the audience for the opening of the Italian opera season was hardly up to the usual Covent Garden standard of *décor*, though Lady Howe

(Continued overleaf)



THE WARRENS GORSE POLO TEAM

Dennis Moss

The team which is skippered by Mr. Aubrey Price and which (received $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals) beat Postlip Hall $8\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 in the final of the Mason Cup at Cheltenham. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Mr. N. Dugdale, Major A. B. Mitchell, Mr. T. Price, and Mr. Aubrey Price, and that is also the order in which they took the floor

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

looked lovely, as usual, in her favourite pink, and Lady Cunard was very *bien mise*, too, in blue. They are two of the real music-lovers, and King Manoel and his wife were also lending ready ears to the superb singing of Rosa Ponselle, Pertile, and Franci.

La Forza del Destino, one of Verdi's earlier efforts, is decidedly bloodthirsty; in fact very few of the characters were left alive when the curtain fell at just on midnight. The scenery was admirable, and some of the music quite perfect, but one had a feeling that had parts of the opera been less prolonged one would have been more appreciative of the magnificent whole.

Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson had brought white kid gloves and a gold-headed cane, and there was a fine showing of masculine opera cloaks, many of them lined with coloured silk.

* * *

People who play polo have really had the most lamentable fortune so far, haven't they? The rain seems to take a malicious delight in queering their pitch, and this occurred once again when the Scots Guards were due to play Nomads at Ranelagh. The ground had certainly cut up rough in a previous encounter between the Blues and Cawston, and a passing shower settled the question.

However, the afternoon had its redeeming features. There was Lady Brougham, for instance, looking too pretty for words in beige and lovely pearls. She and her husband and Miss Eileen Brougham came down in his new eight-litre car, a monster two-seater, which is painted battleship grey and has a most formidable appearance. Later it conveyed them to Poulsen's Club at Datchet.

Mrs. Basil Brooke had brought her young son with her, and Miss Sophie Denys-Burton came with Miss Mary Browne-Clayton. Lady Denys-Burton's daughter was wearing one of the little white crochet hattings which now cling to the back of so many heads, and over her white frock she had a very brief jacket of green and white stripes. The resulting effect was quite good. Lord and Lady Lindsay were paying particular attention to Ranelagh's rock garden, they having planned to add one to Kilconquhar.

* * *

Great success attended the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe to introduce their friends to 105, Gloucester Place. A press photographer had got wind of it and was in hot pursuit of arriving and departing celebrities.

Being due at the Russian Ballet at eight I couldn't stay long, but during my short visit I met Lady Rosslyn, Miss Nancy Mitford, Lord Jersey, Mr. Peter Horlick, Mr. Cecil Beaton and his sisters, Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, who had only a moment to spare and kept their taxi ticking at the door.

Everyone duly admired the house, which has a shiny white drawing-room with original corner lighting, a pink staircase, and a bright green dining-room, where red velvet curtains glow richly.

When I arrived at St. Margaret's for the wedding of Miss Priscilla Perrott to Major Cecil Weld-Forester, I found the long central aisle glittering with Royal Horse Guardsmen. Two of them fainted during the ceremony, and it certainly was excessively hot. Lord Halsbury, who had flown over from

Paris especially to perform this office, was in support of the very attractive bride, and her nine ladies-in-waiting included her sister Helena and Lady Flavia Giffard. Their frocks of subdued olive green had been specially chosen so as not to disagree with either the scarlet and blue uniforms or Lady Flavia's lovely red head.

A blast from regimental trumpets signalled Major and Mrs. Weld-Forester's departure for 44, Queen's Gate. There the pack of guests made the tendering of felicitations an almost impossible task. Some of the more impatient used the back door as a means of ingress and found this quite a successful plan.

Lady Perrott, in grey satin and lace, made a perfect bride's mother, and I observed Lord Athlone and Princess Alice giving admiration to the presents. Lady Chamberlain came with her daughter Diane, and Lady Grisel Boyle also arrived under the parental wing.

* * *

On Thursday I looked in at the Loan Exhibition now on view at the Dorchester and found Princess Mary making an admiring tour. My dear, such lovely things: old Sheffield plate, miniatures, silver, glass, books, porcelain, furniture, needlework—a ravishing collection of venerable treasures which no one should miss. It has been organized to help the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell, which does such magnificent work for the

small people of one of London's poorest areas and is, I believe, in quite desperate need of funds. Perhaps the most thrilling exhibit is the "Wolsey Cup" in pre-Tudor silver. This is dated 1496 and is one of Lady Louis Mountbatten's contributions.

* * *

The opening of the Monseigneur, Tagliani's new entry in the night club stakes, had the advantage of a send-off by many notable people. Besides the Prince of Wales, there were Mrs. Roland Cubitt, the Ruthven twins, Lord Milford Haven, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Lady Plunket, and Prince Antoine Bibesco. Many more should claim my pen's attention, but space is scarce, and I must tell you a word or two about Derby Night doings at the Savoy.

At Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field's splendid party Jacopo's colours, straw and cherry, decorated the tables, and the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince George headed the list of sixty dinner guests; these included the Dalkeiths, the Nunburnholmes, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Ebury, Lord Adare, the Blandfords, Lady Cavan, Lady Moira Lyttelton, and Sir Philip Sassoon. Later, quantities more people came to join in the fun.

The hero of the day, Mr. Arthur Dewar, was also entertaining a host of congratulators, and when the rising floor revealed a two-man power Cameronian, complete with kilt and sporran and preceded by pipers, the applause was terrific. —No room for more, EVE.



THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON

Mrs. Lane-Fox and her son and Mrs. H. Stobart and hers en route to the cricket Eton v. The Eton Ramblers on Upper Club. Thanks to the weather condescending to behave itself, the trees came in quite useful, and everything right down to the fireworks and the procession of boats went off entirely according to plan—or Cocker



AT MRS. VAN VLECK'S DERBY NIGHT PARTY: LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH AND MRS. MITFORD

One of the many cheery celebrations held in London on Derby night, this one, as will be observed, having been in costume. Lord Charles Cavendish is a son of Lord Hartington and a grandson of the Duke of Devonshire

And so to Eton

A Glorious "Fourth"



LADY (NEVILLE) PEARSON
WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER

John Buckmaster, Miss Gladys Cooper's son by her first marriage, is a very promising runner, and has had successes in various speed contests at Eton. Both he and his popular sister Joan have inherited a fair share of their mother's good looks which even dark glasses cannot spoil



LADY ROSABELLE BRAND
WITH ROBIN AND PATIENCE



LADY LANSDOWNE AND
LADY KATHERINE FITZMAURICE

Eton's great commemorative festival had everything in its favour this year. The sun shone brilliantly, and Nature's décor was at its loveliest. Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice is Lady Lansdowne's elder daughter, and Lady Rosabelle Brand (on the left) is the mother of a débutante daughter, Miss Rose Bingham



LADY ELLESMERE AND LORD BRACKLEY

Lord and Lady Ellesmere's only son has been at Eton some three years, and comes fifth in a family of seven. It is safe to say that one of the topics of conversation between him and his mother on the Fourth of June was Four Course, who the next day made such a gallant effort to win the Oaks for Lord Ellesmere



LORD VIVIAN AND THE
HON. VANDA VIVIAN
ON UPPER CLUB



LADY VIOLET BENSON AND HER SONS

Lord Elcho (whose old Etonian tie is a new one) and his brother, the Hon. Martin Charteris, are Lady Violet Benson's sons by her marriage with the late Lord Elcho, who was killed in action. Lady Violet is the Duke of Rutland's sister. She married Mr. Guy Benson in 1921. Lord Vivian (on the left) was at Eton in the 'nineties. The Hon. Ursula Vanda Vivian, who now uses her second Christian name to distinguish her from Lord Swansea's elder daughter, came out last year. She is Lord Vivian's daughter by his second marriage

The Cinema : A Theory and a Film

By JAMES AGATE

CHAMPIONS have all the luck in the sense that the winner of the Open Golf Championship generally has a hatful of strokes to spare, which, if the luck had gone against him, he could not possibly have had. Even those of us who are not champions have realized how when we are playing well our ball slips past the hazards, and how when we are playing ill the bunkers seem to leap forward to entrap us. So it is in other arts besides that of golf. Admirers of Mr. St. John Ervine will have noted the miraculous felicity with which a letter from an inquiring playgoer at Swansea or West Hartlepool demanding an answer running into two columns arrives at a moment when a less good critic would conceivably be gravelled for matter. Hitherto Cardiff and Bridlington have signally failed to egg me into controversy, though I am proud to recall that a year or so ago Kenya obliged. Now comes a letter from a lady living in a delightful spot, or so I judge it, entitled Kuala Lumpur, which now that I have looked it up I know to be in the Malay States. This letter plunges, as all good letters should, especially when they are from total strangers, *in medias res*, and is so entertaining and provocative that I give it in full. Here it is:

"Here we are, sweltering in humid heat on the Equator, and scarcely a decent play, and I may say *never* a decent company, comes our way. Now, can you give me any reason in the world why Elstree cannot compete with Hollywood? Last night we went to the local talkies. A great treat was promised us—Galsworthy's *Escape*, acted by du Maurier, Edna Best, etc. I saw the play beautifully and artistically acted in 1926 at, I think, the St. Martin's Theatre, Nicholas Hannen, Molly Kerr, and Margaret Halstan all playing superbly. The travesty we were given last night simply dumbfounded us. Four of us had all seen the play at home. The lovely country scenes, the meet of the hounds at the beginning promised us a rare treat—and it all tailed off into empty nothingness. And Basil Dean produced it and Galsworthy sanctioned it! I cannot believe it was due to the miscastings entirely, though, of course, Molly Kerr beats Edna Best to a frazzle and du Maurier himself wasn't a patch on Hannen. And the whole thing was so amazingly bad. I mean comparatively, because from Basil Dean and Galsworthy one expects a first-class production. A young 'policeman' in front of us—really a police 'gentleman,' I mean—said to the air at large, after it was finished: 'Well, there's neither rhyme nor reason in that!' and we heartily echoed his remark. I am wondering if the Chinese operator at our local talkies was responsible! That beautiful scene in church was rushed through at a gallop, and I still remember Austin Trevor's voice: 'What would Christ have done?' But this whole speech was just gabbled off.

"I apologise for this long and boring letter, but we get so few films, just American jazz generally, that I think perhaps criticism in the papers at home might help. They might then send some decent films out to poor exiles. Won't you write something to help the poor colonies? Last week we had a film, *Africa Speaks*, with an unwholesomefaked scene of a young native being killed by a lion, while two Europeans leave him to his fate. So probable! And so bad for the natives out here, too, to see this! No wonder the days of the British Raj are passing. I've been out here ten years (and only once home in 1926) and in these ten years there has been a distinct difference in the natives' reactions to the white man. I blame *modern films* a lot."

This brings up the old, old difficulty which may be crystallized thus: To the film-producer a good film is one which is likely to seem good to the greatest number. Now the greatest number in any country must of necessity be almost illiterate and wholly without literary taste. How, otherwise, could we hope to get our sewers inspected, or whatever it is that burly navvies disappear through manholes to accomplish, our fish cured, and our trams conducted? What is the good to the film-producer of trying to please me sitting in some smart West-End picture-house obscuring the view of Lord This, and with my knees in the back of Lady That, when he knows that the same picture exhibited on Hammersmith Broadway, at Wigan or Clacton, and in the Cowcaddens will cause the lads to yawn and whistle their heads off, while the lasses will vote it lousy and whatever may be the Glasgow equivalent. Some day *élite* little picture-companies will make *élite* little pictures for *élite* little audiences of which I shall be the centre, and presumably the makers of

those pictures will be glad to drive about in *élite* little Citroëns smoking *élite* little Mannikins. But the film-magnate who buys his cigars by the foot and is dissatisfied with this year's Rolls-Royce because it isn't next year's will continue to make pictures calculated to strike all of a heap the wholly uneducated. A compeer in a recent revue claimed that his entertainment was calculated to appeal to all kinds of brow—high, low, middling, and none! And, pessimist that I am, I hold that the skulls envisaged by your film-magnate must necessarily be num. Now there are only two themes which appeal to the numskull. One is sex, and the other is physical violence, and Hollywood has long decided that the only trump card in its pack is the film which combines both. Show me Janet Gaynor or some other epitome of helplessness propelled from one side of the screen to the other by the passionate boot of Noah Beery and volleyed back by George Bancroft's heavy clog to find ultimate refuge in the iron embrace of Charles Farrell—call this sadistic twaddle *Brutes in Love*, and I will back such a film for a million dollars!

There never has been what a film-magnate would consider a market for quiet little plays, and there is certainly none for quiet little films, though I personally thought *Escape* to be a reasonable compromise and a good entertainment. The wonder to me is that any good films are made at all in view of the tremendous

temptation to make bad ones. But film-magnates do at last seem to have got an inkling of this, that even the uneducated public is prepared to like something better than the lowest when they see it. But that public has to be wooed and, most important of all, must not be startled. Tell the large public, in the words of my colleague of "The Times," that "discipline has returned to the world of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, bringing with it a careful and regulated craftsmanship," and which of her fans would be attracted? But call the piece *Tarnished Lady* and suggest that Miss Bankhead will as in her later London plays throw emotional fits upon bedizened couches, and the house is at once crowded by an audience obtaining pleasure from that in which it deemed no pleasure to be. Miss Bankhead acts very finely in her new picture at the Carlton which I heartily recommend, and which I can only hope will soon find its way to Kuala Lumpur. The matter of suitable films for natives is not my business. Even the farthest-flung posts of Empire must be supposed to have governors. But perhaps the Malay States are not British? Is it conceivable that they belong to the Malays? In that case, *honi soit qui Malay pense*!



CLAIRE DODD FROM THE FOLLIES

Yet another recruit to the movies from the Ziegfeld fold. This beautiful young woman is under contract with the Paramount people, and is a bicycle polo specialist

COCKTAIL TIME IN GLOUCESTER PLACE



LADY MARY ST. CLAIR ERSKINE
AND THE HON. WILLIAM ASTOR



AND BEARD: THE HON. DAVID
TENNANT WITH MRS. TENNANT



LADY GEORGIANA CURZON AND
THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST



LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM
SPEEDING FELLOW GUESTS



LADY CAMBRIDGE (right) AND
MRS. ALLAN SWINTON



MR. W. LEVITA AND THE
HON. MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON

A relentless camera took up a strong position in the neighbourhood of 105, Gloucester Place, when Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe gave a house-warming cocktail party to their friends last week. Several people found it difficult to recognise Mr. David Tennant in his new face trimmings which he has brought back with him from Greece. Lady Georgiana Curzon, who does not, as a rule, patronise cocktail parties, was, as usual, looking admirable, and Lord Wimborne's daughter wore a green hat with excellent effect. Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine and Lord Astor's son arrived "en grande tenue" being on their way to the opera. Mrs. Drury-Lowe's new house is charming and has several distinctive features

Photographs by Arthur Owen



LADY PEMBROKE AND LORD TWEEDMOUTH

Arriving on Derby day last week, when one of the best races of recent years was brought off and a most popular favourite in Cameronian won it

imagine a fair number of gentlemen appearing before Mr. Mead for having taken a chance on a capital of a couple of dozen horsenails in the satchel and a fade out before the fourth race.

With the exception of the favourite there were the usual scares and alarms about most of the candidates, and owners and trainers have had their lives pestered out of them on the course, on the 'phone, and by letter with inquiries and even advice about their charges. Imagine the momentary dismay of one owner who, having the night before invested liberally on his horse, finds in his mail on Derby morning a laconic telegram which subsequently transpired to be from the local master of the otter hounds "must draw your water, to-day." The paddock showed Cameronian big and well, in himself a *multum in parvo* of a horse with the strongest of well-laid shoulders and tremendous loins and quarters. Jacopo had made enormous improvement since York but was still only about half a horse, and his running seventh in his present state gives one some sort of an idea of what he may be at the back end. Orpen was just not good enough and Sandwich had the bad luck of the race, but nothing could have beaten the winner, who seemed to be staying on the best at the end and ran the gamut of races.

To Freddie Fox we tender our heartiest congratulations on bringing off the ambition of a lifetime and the beautiful race he rode. He had always been supremely confident that the horse would win, his confidence being only slightly shaken by the fact that at Beckhampton when things were going well he was "Freddie," when not so well it was "Fred," and when rather bad it was the "Fox" he had been for the last fortnight. Things, however, turned out according to Cocker, and presumably he will now be respectfully known as "Frederick the Little."

The other races of the first two days were of little or no interest, which was just as well, for no man can fight his way to the paddock and back through a steaming mass of shell-fish-eating humanity more than once a day. The only exception was the second appearance of Dastur, who won the Woodcote from Short Hand. The former is a grand mover but has a most unfurnished appearance, and it is to be hoped will get the time to grow up to itself, when it might be a top-class two-year-old.

I was amused by a friend who, having gone a "banco" on his two-year-old, won several hundred pounds but lost nearly two stone in weight, to see it win a head in the hands of an unfashionable jockey. "It was a real good thing," remarked that warrior, straddling in with the air of one who usually only

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

THIS year's Derby Day must be for the ordinary race-goer the pleasantest on record. The first two favourites won, giving one something of "theirs" to go to market with on the big race, in which the favourite also won, and the next two favourites were second and third. It must have been a distressing day for the "books" and one can

bothered to get up in the classics. "Oh, was it," retorted the limp owner, "then next time you're on a good thing you win by twenty lengths, as you don't get much *practice* at this end of a race."

Barring that infernal walk to the paddock Epsom is now most admirably arranged, the lunch is good, and even on a Derby Day there is no bother getting to and from the course. Leaving the course after the last race on Wednesday, by six o'clock we were back in the club, hot and sticky, but solvent, regaling ourselves with a long drink invented by that earnest soldier who, even if he did not really discover the sheep-dip called after him, has undoubtedly evolved a potion which, to quote "Pitcher," renders one forgetful of the past, oblivious of the present, and contemptuous of the future.

Having stuck solidly to Cameronian all through, it is gratifying to receive the following open letter from a fellow journalist, who also went bald-headed for him:

Sir,—Your motto is Equanimiter which, I presume, means "even money or better." Despite the fact that your ignorance of racing is as abysmal as a steward, your conclusions on the Derby were identical with mine, though I have owned, trained, ridden, backed, and laid more horses than anyone living, and am the acknowledged best judge of racing to-day. Some day I will certify that you lived in the flesh "pots."

I wish to make an appeal to all sportsmen. Whatever their line of country they either *watch* a good race, *see* a trout rise, keep their *eye* on the ball, or *see* hounds running a cracker. Wouldn't a millionaire or a pauper give his last cent to save his eyes?

Poor Fred Holland of the Old Berks, one of the most brilliant huntsmen in England, has lost his sight through a hunting accident, and what more can a man lose? To help him in his misfortune Mr. Edgar Wallace is giving a benefit *matinée* for him on Ascot Monday at Wyndham's Theatre at 2.30, at which the artists are all giving their services free. A first-class show; you are giving yourself a treat while at the same time helping a sportsman down on his luck, and you've plenty of time to get down to your expensive Ascot house afterwards. Any donations will be gratefully received by Mr. Edgar Wallace at Wyndham's Theatre.



AT EPSOM: LADY FAIRHAVEN AND HER SON, LORD FAIRHAVEN

Another Derby day snapshot, of which there are several in this issue. Lord Fairhaven is a bachelor. Lady Fairhaven was granted the same style and title as if her husband, the late Mr. U. H. Broughton, had survived. He died in 1929 on the eve of his elevation to the peerage

AS IT WAS AT EPSOM: THE OPENING DAY



MAKING FOR THE Paddock: LORD AND LADY HAMILTON OF DALZELL



LADY FIONA PRATT AND HER FIANCÉ, SIR GERARD FULLER



POMME D'API'S OWNER: THE PRINCE AGA KHAN, WITH MRS. CLAYTON



THE HON. CAMILLA GURDON WALKING WITH MR. PEEL



LADY MAR AND KELLIE WITH (right) MRS. BULTEEL



LADY KATHARINE LAMBTON AND LADY NUNBURNHOLME

Lovely weather attended the opening of the Epsom Summer Meeting, and though conversation was mainly centred on next day's classic contest there was plenty of interesting racing to observe. People on the look out for omens were encouraged by the success of the Aga Khan's Dastur in the Woodcote Stakes to pin further faith on Pomme d'Api, but as events proved they were doomed to disappointment. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell knows all about the inner workings of Tote activities, being Chairman of the Betting Control Board. Lord and Lady Camden's younger daughter, looking very attractive, was with her fiancé, Sir Gerard Fuller, and Lord and Lady Cranworth's daughter, the Hon. Camilla Gurdon, was hailing friends in all directions, many of them made in Leicestershire where she was hunting last season. Several pairs of dark glasses made their appearance, Lady Nunburnholme being thus disguised



RESCUED FROM THE ARCTIC:
MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD

There is a ready-made book of adventure for the son of Mr. S. A. Courtauld when he has the time to write it. To be imprisoned in a Greenland snowdrift for six weeks with a very small chance of rescue ought to furnish material which comes the way of but few. For a long time Mr. Courtauld was in complete darkness and his food supplies were not exactly inexhaustible

tragedy. In Miss Sidney Tremayne's interesting book, "The Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse" (Bles. 10s. 6d.), you have a case very much to the point. Rouse was just a common philanderer, but women didn't seem able to resist him, and his wife's magnificent conduct during his trial seemed an almost wasted heroism—if heroism is ever really wasted—when one reads how he never troubled to hide from her his unfaithfulness, and even demanded that she should adopt the son whom he had had by another woman. This book is not only the full story of an uncommon murder, but also the character sketch of an uncommon murderer. The practically verbatim account of the trial included in the book is more dramatic than a thousand-thousand detective novels. The cross-examination of Rouse himself led most directly to his undoing. The murder was stage-managed with remarkable cleverness, but the murderer was not quite clever enough to carry it through in the face of certain plans which miscarried. For example, it seemed almost like a machination of fate that on the fatal night he should have met on that lonely road two young men coming from a dance, when 364 nights out of 365 he might never have met a soul at that hour and at that spot. From this encounter Rouse seemed to have lost his head. His remaining actions were the actions apparently of a man who realized the worst had happened, and he wanted to cram into the few hours between escape and discovery as much happiness as he might hope to find. But apparently he had by that time lost his nerve, and what he did was just the kind of thing which an innocent man would not have done. It is a horrible story, but a story, nevertheless, of real psychological interest. Miss Tremayne's book should certainly be read and pondered over by every student of criminology as well as by everyone interested in human nature. It leaves one under the impression happily that in the case of Rouse justice has not miscarried. Circumstantial evidence was too strong. Nevertheless, it proves once again how a criminal may, so to speak, sentence himself if voluntarily he puts himself in the witness box for cross-examination. It was the cross-examination of Rouse which provided the most damning evidence of all against him.

A Very Lovely Book.

After finishing Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's "Out of Soundings" (Heinemann. 6s.), the one expression uppermost is "What a lovely book!" Lovely indeed it is. Beautifully written, so beautifully that one reads and re-reads certain passages with that sense of enjoyment, without question, with

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Trial of Rouse.

THE longer one lives and observes, the more one marvels at the human trash which obtains love and devotion with the ease of holding up one's little finger. The dreadful types, male and female, who rampage through life with a trail of adoring followers behind them! It is all most queer and, I suppose, only another example of how love never reaches the head—or very, very seldom. One sees girls cheapening themselves deliberately before men whom one wouldn't touch with a barge-pole. The silly, prattling, selfish little female gold-digger finds gold so soon as she begins to dig. It is all very strange, but anybody who observes can see how common is the

which one listens to exquisite music. But it is not only the manner which is so superb, the matter makes one ponder and think—a mine of reflections which concern life, its meaning—if it has any!—the whole philosophy of human conduct. It is not exactly a book of essays. It is rather a series of mental "conversations"; Mr. Tomlinson beginning at a certain point, but from that point deviating in many directions, until often that which began as a kind of story ends up by being a criticism of life. Not for a long time have I read a book which I more deeply enjoyed reading, nor one which I shall look forward more eagerly to read again, and to keep by my side to open at leisure, certain of finding something therein which is both beautiful and true.

Thoughts from "Out of Soundings."

"Youth grows vigorous with impatience over the objections with which elderly sagacity fuddles the straight and simple way to truth."

"Happiness is to be found in one place. Also, a man's own place is quiet."

"When people are afraid they greatly dislike having the cause of their fear indicated to them. They will not look at it, and get angry when invited to do so. They assert roundly that they are superior to whatever may be disturbing their minds."

An Entertaining History of Women's Golf.

Often have I admired Miss Eleanor Helme's cleverness in being able to write about golf in a way which interests and entertains even those who are interested and entertained by nobody's golf except their own. But I don't think her cleverness has ever been so successfully demonstrated as it is in her new book, "After the Ball: Merry Memoirs of a Golfer" (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.). It is a light yet expert history of women's golf from the days when a woman's golf was only considered by men to be a kind of "elongated" form of croquet to keep the "dear things" amused, until to-day when women's golf has become almost as formidable as that of men's. Most people would imagine that no such history could be written which would be able to appeal equally to the serious golfer, and to those who merely wish to remember the more exciting and funny episodes of the past. Miss Helme, however, has accomplished this feat brilliantly. She has remembered not only all the earlier championships, when people used to ask each other,

"Who are these Leitches?" but also the amusing episodes which occurred, the storms in tea-cups, the rise and fall of "favourites," which have happened since those earlier days. There is not a woman who plays golf seriously who will not read with interest and chuckle over every page of this so readable history of the game. And at every step along the road, so to speak, Miss Helme is aided and abetted by Mr. Charles Ambrose, whose illustrations,



PRESENTED AT COURT: THE HON.
SHEILA BERRY

The second of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Camrose, who was presented at the first of Their Majesties' June Courts on the 9th

(Cont. on p. 468)

SIGHING FOR THE MOON

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



Enterprising Tramp: Can a pore man take a pair of trousers off yer, lady?

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

numbering 109, are extraordinarily funny and invariably apt. Best of all, although her book makes such good entertainment, she is never unkind. One marvels only that comparatively so few years ago women could possibly even walk from green to green in the fulsome garments in which they were decked out as being the latest thing in "sporting." Hats like inverted soup-plates, held in position by yards of tulle; skirts which hung around like Victorian garments deprived of their supporting crinolines; pins like young assegais sticking out in most directions. Verily, the War was the nearest approach to world-revolution which the world has ever known. Certainly it taught women how to *stride*—in more senses than the one confined to legs!

Another Good Book of "Light" Reading.

His publishers refer to Mr. Adam Hughes, author of "Cousins, Limited" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), as "a new humourist." But I don't think I should echo that description too fervently. At any rate his novel does prove that he can write a "light" novel in the gayest manner. Not, perhaps, in a manner which makes you laugh out-right, but in a way which keeps you pleasantly entertained all the time. A holiday book *par excellence*. It contains three heroes, each one a young man of means and leisure. A girl confederate joins them in their exploits. However, the love interest is not likely to make any lonely typist lose a sense of reality in day dreams. The four of them are bound together by one mutual "hate"—hatred of blighters, backbiters, snobs, and sycophants. Wherever these things raise their heads the four set out to bang it hard with a metaphorical hammer. This hammering provides the humour. For instance, a big evening party, given by a rich couple who were nothing if not hanging desperately on to the fringe of what is called Society, have their entertainment utterly ruined and made ridiculous by a plan which concerns a broken-down lorry and an equally decrepit piano, both of which are being mysteriously "delivered" at the main entrance just when all the principal guests are struggling to arrive, but are, of course, prevented by this uninvited obstruction in the middle of the drive. The "blighter" gets even a worse form of "education." One feels, however, sometimes rather sorry for the victims—at least, not exactly sorry for *them* as out of humorous sympathy with the quartette who seem to have nothing better to do except to teach other people manners. They have things too much their own way and too easily. Nevertheless it is all quite good fun. As "clean" as an Ian Hay comedy. And rather in the Ian Hay comedy manner. And it all ripples along as pleasantly as an afternoon's holiday on a fine day. In fact it is just the kind of book to take with you on a day's holiday. And as a day's holiday is almost invariably one of rain you should make a note of "Cousins, Limited" and keep it for just such a tragedy.



Father: Tommy, I hear you've been smoking!
Small Son (a student of gangster-talkies): Say, has ma squealed?

More Holiday Books.

I might almost call "Gauntlet" (Murray. 7s. 6d.), by Lord Gorell, a nice book for nice readers who are spending a nice lazy holiday. It is very nice indeed, and not a bit like Lord Gorell's popular stories of crime. It is all about the course of true love between a girl of fine character and a man of equal moral worth being sadly interrupted by a mistake, but coming together at the end all the more firmly because of the temporary separation. Cecilia Brooke, who earned her living as a school-mistress, had just been married to Sir John Harland when, on looking out of the railway-carriage window as she was going on her honey-moon, she notices a small boy with hair just

like her husband's. She talks to the boy's mother, and by conclusions drawn from this conversation believes that the boy is not only her husband's child, but that the woman is also his wife. So she leaves the train at the next stop. Thereafter she tries to earn her own living alone, although in reality, but unknown to her, her efforts are being safely nursed by Sir John until such a time when he can tell her the true facts of the case and claim her once more as his true wife. To repeat, it is a very nice tale, sentimental without being in the least bit mushy. "The Time of Gold" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), by Diana Patrick, is another story which will pass pleasantly and never ruffle anybody's holiday mood. The heroine is a poor orphan, daughter of an actor by a waitress. Until she was eighteen she was brought up by an "old dear" of a theatrical landlady. Then the woman died, and Jenny Loring, left alone, exploited her voice and talents so successfully that she became rich and famous. Alas! to one of her parties there came at the height of her success a drug-addict who mysteriously

was found nearly dead in her flat next morning from an overdose of veronal. The subsequent scandal so disgusted Jenny that she left the stage and went to live with her aunt, house-keeper to Hugh Pessillion, successful playwright, whose wife Anne, hard as nails, starred in all his plays. Nevertheless, Hugh fell in love with Jenny, wrote a play around her, but discovered who she really was and resolved never to see her again. But, of course, he did, and the story all ends happily with Jenny once more a star, and Anne-the-hard gnashing her hard teeth in the back-ground. This also is quite a readable novel.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

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IN LONDON TOWN—AND ELSEWHERE



IN THE PARK: MISS PAMELA KINGSMILL, MRS. CLIFFORD AND MISS KINGSMILL



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LORD CHURCHILL



MR. GORDON SELFREDGE AND PRINCESS WIASEMSKY



AT BRAMSHILL PARK: MRS. DENZIL COPE AND HER CHILDREN



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

Quite a bunch of people have been wondering whether the man who said something about Oh to be in England when Spring is here knew what he was talking about. However, man is a hopeful creature, and still carries on in spite of the dreary repetition of the weather forecasts which daily give us the list of starters in the way of depressions which are making a bee-line for our shores—and never appear to be going anywhere else. Some of these snapshots were taken in the Park in some of the weather's lucid intervals. Mrs. Denzil Cope is the only one who was not shot in London. Her husband, Captain Denzil Cope, who was in the Hampshire Regiment, is the son and heir of Sir Anthony Cope, Bart. Bramshill is at Winchfield, Hants. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who is with one of his daughters, was caught just as he was leaving to look after the great store which bears his name and in which he takes such a close personal interest. Viscount Churchill, who is seen with the Duke of Richmond, still carries on his responsible duties in connection with the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. The list incidentally is closed



C. A. Sims
FT.-LIEUT. JOHNSON AT NORTHAMPTON
Where he performed some excellent
aerobatic and inverted flying displays at
the recent pageant at Sywell

family of F.E.'s, R.E.'s, N.E.'s, and B.E.'s will soon roll back the years for many of those who visit the Display. "Ah," they will remark reminiscently, "those were the days when flying was flying."

The success of that proposal for the resurrection of ancient aircraft prompts me to repeat another proposal that I have been making on and off for the last five or six years. It is that there should be, in civil flying a reduction in waste paper. There are at least ten times the number of forms, papers, licences, and documents that are necessary. Mr. Le Roy Manning, in the American paper, "Aviation," recently expressed the view that the amount of red tape which surrounds flying in Great Britain is incredible to an American. Let this subject of red tape be considered rationally, keeping all our splendid British prejudices temporarily in the back-ground. First let the principle, too often lost sight of, be affirmed that in itself a piece of paper is not and can never be evidence of the existing state of either a man or a machine. The production of a pilot's licence does not indicate that the person producing it can fly. The production of a certificate of airworthiness does not indicate that an aeroplane is airworthy.

Limitations of Licences.

It does not matter how many photographs, mounted or unmounted, of the holder it contains; it does not matter

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

Old Crocks.

THE Royal Air Force Display Committee has paid me the compliment of adopting the idea I put forward many years ago and have been alluding to at intervals ever since, of including in the Display programme a demonstration of old types of aircraft in contrast to the new types. If the committee succeeds in obtaining the old machines, and it is rumoured that some more than Meiocene monoplanes may make their appearance—the event will be one of the most interesting in the Display. The sight of one of the old Blériot monoplanes on castor wheels, of a Maurice Farman Longhorn, a Morane Parasol, a Bristol Bullet, of the famous

how many facts about his birth or health it may purport to give; it does not matter whether it confidently asserts that it is a "Certificate of Competency" or a "Licence"; it does not matter whether it contains 10,000 rubber stamps and illegible signatures in ink, that small blue booklet can never be more than a meaningless, irrational, and unnecessary encumbrance. It is only in a country that is mesmerized by paper that all the pieces that we are supposed to carry about with us at all times could have received legal sanction. We have come to regard the words "licence" and "permit" as meaning pieces of paper. In reality they are the views of certain officials that the person concerned is fit to fly or to drive or whatever it may be. And the only proof of that fitness lies in the records kept by those officials and not in any conceivable things that can be carried by the person.

Put not your trust in papers, should be the watch-word of a rational Air Ministry. "But the licence," I can hear it objected, "contains a number whereby we can trace these records you speak of." That is true. But it has still to be proved that a number is in any way superior to a name and address for the tracing of any individual's records. We all have names and addresses. Let us use them. There is a case for the abolition of names and addresses and the exclusive use of numbers; but there is no case for the use of both. The method is merely inefficient muddling; it is a serious reflection upon the mental condition of those who use it.

The same arguments hold good for the Certificate of Airworthiness, the insurance form, the driving licence, the membership card, the registration certificate, the other forms. All of them are so much waste-paper. Aviation should be without form, but not void. And if it seems that I am making much of something of little importance, another view will be held if a list is made



CAPTAIN BAKER

The Chief Instructor of Airwork, Ltd. Captain Baker, has attained an international reputation. The system of teaching he has evolved has a wonderful record of safety and thoroughness



AT THE NORTHANTS AERO CLUB PAGEANT

A group taken at the Sywell Aerodrome at the annual pageant of this very virile flying club. The names, left to right, are: Mr. C. T. Olney, Mr. P. G. Hayward, Mr. W. Harris, Mr. J. Jeyes, the Hon. Alastair Erskine, Mr. J. Faulkner Stops, Lord Erskine, Mr. C. M. Newton, Mr. C. Grey, Mr. A. E. Catt, and Mr. H. Shale. The president of the club is Mr. W. T. Sears, and the aerodrome is only about six miles out from Northampton and eight from Kettering, and was founded in 1927

of all the papers which the conscientious person must possess if he takes out the car, drives to any of the London aerodromes and flies his light aeroplane to any other of them. The total is thirteen writings of various kinds. By holding to its forms the Air Ministry is acting as irrationally as the person who crosses his thumbs when walking under a ladder.

Costes at Croydon. Capitaine Dieu-donné Costes had an excellent reception at Croydon the other day, the French (Continued on p. vi)



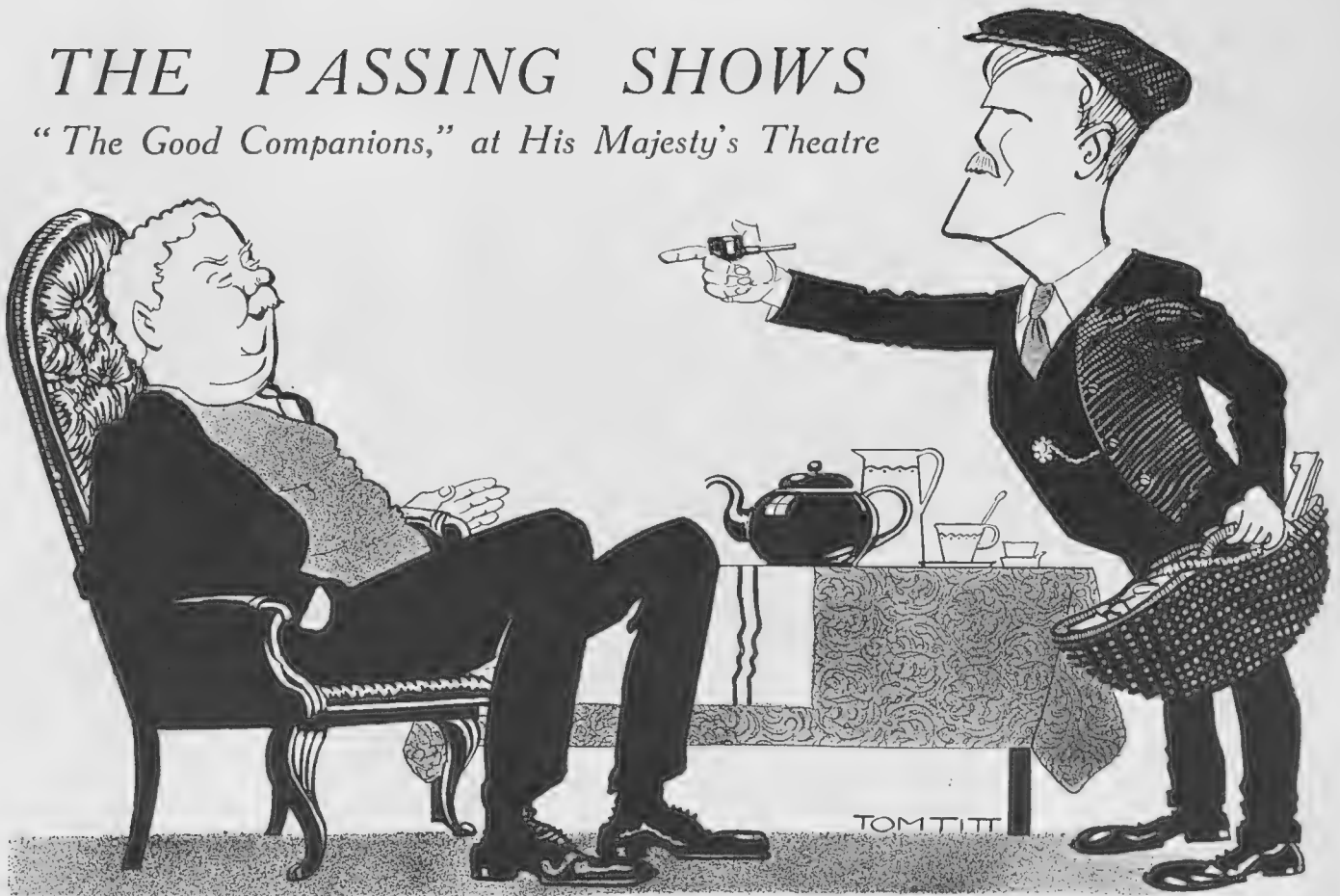
LADY MAINWARING—A RECENT PORTRAIT

Yevonde, Victoria Street

Lady Mainwaring, the beautiful wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, Bart., was, before her marriage in 1913, Miss Generis Williams-Bulkeley, and both her and her husband's families are famous in Cheshire hunting history. Sir Harry Mainwaring, 1818-1837, was Master of the Cheshire, and later Mr. A. Mainwaring, 1855-1858, was also Master. Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Lady Mainwaring's father, was at one time one of the people who used to pilot the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria when she was hunting in Cheshire. Captain "Bay" Middleton, so the story is handed down, took too many falls in Cheshire, principally when galloping through boggy gateways, to make him available at every moment he was wanted. Anyway, whether this is true or not, the Cheshire obstacles would give him ample opportunities

THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Good Companions," at His Majesty's Theatre



BRUDDERSFORD BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

The stay-at-home Sam Oglethorpe (Mr. Frank Pettingell) and his more adventurous crony, Jess Oakroyd (Mr. Edward Chapman). Jess loses his job, leaves a nagging wife, and takes to the open road, there to become stage-carpenter and odd-job man to "The Good Companions" concert party. Finally, like a true rover, he emigrates to Canada

Mr. J. B. Priestley's ten-and-sixpenny *magnum opus* remained by my bedside for a fortnight. The number of nights in the year—excluding visits and other *dies non*—divided into the number of pages indicated a possible completion of this most satisfying of night-caps by the autumn of 1932. Unfortunately these calculations were upset by the summary action of the Superior Feminine Authority. The volume was returned to the library. I was uncertain at the time whether to take out a subscription on my own account and have it back again, or to ear-mark "The Good Companions" for my latter years.

This confession of failure is to assure any others—can there be many, if any?—who have skipped or missed the book of its year, that their delinquency will not detract from a proper enjoyment of Mr. Julian Wylie's lavish, painstaking, and successful attempt to put Mr. Priestley's voluminous novel on the stage. The production at His Majesty's can be appreciated for its entertainment value by anyone on the most distant of terms with the author's happy band of pilgrims. There are formidable gaps in the story but it is a simple matter to fill them in by the process of waiting until the end, and then working backwards. Alternatively one can always appeal to one's next-door neighbour.

MISS TRANT

Miss Edith Sharpe as the enterprising Spinster in search of adventure who turns the stranded "Dinkie Doos" into "The Good Companions"

Although my stock of first-hand knowledge was exhausted after the first three scenes, the Open Road of Adventure, the Priestley path to good fellowship and Romance, showed clearly enough

beyond the point at which I left it—the "prep." school where Inigo Jollifant strummed his song-hits, drank whisky on his twenty-sixth birthday, and bemoaned the lot of a junior master languishing on a diet of stewed prunes.

Because Sam Oglethorpe was right and Jess was right, Bruddersford was there as large as life, although nothing could be seen of it through Mrs. Oakroyd's lace curtains. One couldn't expect Mr. Wylie, for all his generosity in the matter of real motor-cars and the noisy hurly-burly of Ribsdon Fair, to show us the trams and the football matches. There wasn't time. But if Jess hadn't been Mr. Edward Chapman, or if Messrs. Priestley and Knoblock had decided not to make him the central figure, things might have been different. Luckily, Mr. Chapman is everybody's ideal Jess, and around his first and final migration the play revolves at a speed which makes out the scene-shifters to be supermen. The range of selectivity suggests how well the compressors have done their job.

MRS. JOE BRUNDIT

Mrs. Joe (Miss Viola Compton) sings "Just a Song at Twilight" on Susie Dean's benefit night, but the show is received with cabbages





A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD
Mr. Alexander Field as
Joby Jackson, the travel-
ling huxter

boil down such a gargantuan feast into a three-hour snack of sixteen courses without leaving out any amount of favourite morsels or sweeping away one tasty dish after another before it is half finished. As a play—with a play's formula of a coherent story crisply told—*The Good Companions* has no truck with the ordinary critical rule of thumb. A play it just isn't. It is more like an enormous, disjointed, Dickensian charade running on rails, with branch lines leading off at intervals into pantomime and revue; a hotch-potch of song, dance, and story with many beginnings and no rounded finish; a series of fantastic coincidences and improbable people clowning it in a Jeffrey Farnol world of make-believe seen through the rosiest of wanderlust-ful spectacles.

The book, if I judge it right, was like that. Its companions were companionable individually, but apt to over magnoperate when taken in bulk, as if each were trying to act the others off the stage. Perhaps that explains the exuberance which is noticeable in some of the playing. The most satisfying character-sketches are those where over-emphasis is absent. Mr. Edwin Ellis's life-like thumbnail of the dyspeptic comedian who embroils "the Dinkie Doos" in financial disaster until Miss Trant comes along to set them on the road under the new name of "The Good Companions" is a case in point. Perhaps the fault, if it is a fault, lies in a conscientious resolve to catch the spirit of the printed page and the necessity to make the minor characters speak volumes in a few lines. The producer's task throughout is a mixture of tuppence-coloured and pennyplain. The Oakroyd's living-room; the shabby "prep"-school class-room; the stuffy dining-room of the country inn; the accurately-photographed scene in the music-publisher's office, where Inigo Jollifant sells the songs which are afterwards, but not in the play, to make him and Susie Dean famous; the hotel sitting-room where on the night of my visit Mr. John Gielgud broke the table, to the audience's immense and friendly delight—these things are large as life and twice as natural. To people them with much quaintness and contrast is a task which encourages that exaggeration which is inseparable from Romance.



MR. FAUNTLEY SLAKES A THIRST
Mr. Deering Wells as the bibulous and
decaying school-master



VERY GOOD COMPANIONS
Jimmy Nunn, the dyspeptic comedian (Mr.
Edwin Ellis), and that stagey strummer,
Morton Mitcham—"five times round the
world gentlemen" (Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb)

In Bruddersford, as elsewhere, it would be considered bad form for a craftsman to quarrel with his boss, tear up his insurance card, gather up his tools, and leave his wife and family to their own devices. But the moment the respectable tradesman becomes the irresponsible tramp, the drab perspectives of every day are lost in the mirage of glorious adventure. So potent is the alleged magic of the Broad Highway that even Miss Trant and her two-seater assume the glamour of the Quest Magnificent.

If our incurable weakness for Romance in its open-road disguise—walk up, ye hikers!—doesn't take us to His Majesty's in battalions, Curiosity may supply the motive, for this masquerade is something of a freak, and an out-size one at that. Finally, there is always the call of reunion.

To give the individual performances the attention they deserve is impossible in a speaking-cast of over forty. Mr. John Gielgud's engaging Inigo Jollifant is a mere busman's holiday to an actor who sets no limit to endeavour; Miss Adele Dixon's Susie Dean is alive with charm and intelligence, and her singing and dancing are good enough to excite the envy of most musical-comedy leading ladies; Miss Edith Sharpe is "just right" as Miss Trant; Mr. Deering Wells brings off an effective treble; Miss Ellen Pollock's cockney comedienne is slick and sharp, and Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb's stagey busker is rich in detail.

Mr. Richard Addinsell had a grim task in finding super-melodies for "Going home" and "Slipping round the corner," and if his tunes are not destined to be world-beaters they are as good as one can expect.

The last word belongs rightly to Mr. Edward Chapman—the Jess of all our hearts—whose quiet acting is perfection.

"TRINCULO."



THE LOVERS

Susie Dean (Miss Adele Dixon), the soubrette of the concert party, who wins fame through the world-haunting melodies of the ex-schoolmaster, Inigo Jollifant (Mr. John Gielgud)



Pooler, Dublin
THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. MULHOLLAND
AT THE ROYAL ULSTER SHOW AT BELFAST



Pooler, Dublin
ALSO AT THE ULSTER SHOW: LORD LONDONDERRY
WITH LADY HELEN AND LADY MARGARET STEWART



Pooler, Dublin
STAYING AT MOUNT STEW-
ART: MRS. MURRAY-SMITH



Arthur Owen
AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: CAPTAIN SIR WELDON
AND LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS



Holloway
AT THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW: CAPTAIN DU BUISSON.
MISS M. BROOKE, LORD HILLINGDON, M.F.H., AND MISS HUGHES

TAKEN AND OFFERED

A special feature of this year's Royal Ulster Show was a display given by the Equitation School at Weedon. The Hon. Henry Mulholland, Lord Dunleath's brother, has been Speaker of the Ulster House of Commons since 1929. Lord and Lady Londonderry had a house party at Mount Stewart for the show, Mrs. Murray-Smith being one of their guests. Captain Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, who attended the King's recent levée, is in the Grenadier Guards (Reserve). Lord Hillingdon, now once again Master of the Grafton, was one of the many supporters of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Show held at Daventry



THREE UP AND SIX TO PLAY: A group at Prince's, Sandwich, including Mrs. Parrish, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Craigie, Major and Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. F. Menzies, Captain and Mrs. Derek FitzGerald, Mr. G. Lambert, Sir Geoffrey Palmer, and the Hon. Thomas Frankland



LOOKING ON: LADY DE TRAFFORD AND LADY BLANDFORD WITH LORD WILTON, THE HON. CHARLES MILLS, AND JAMES WALLACE

WHITE'S CLUB AT SANDWICH

Spectators with a family interest in the contestants gathered at Prince's, Sandwich, to watch the concluding stages of the annual golf tournament of White's Club. Lady Blandford, who was with her sister, Lady de Trafford, and their nephew, Charles Mills, had reason to hope that Lord Blandford would be a prize-winner. He played splendid golf to reach the semi-final round, but was then beaten by Mr. J. J. Buchanan, who himself went down in the final to Captain J. C. Craigie. Lady Zouche's son, Mr. Frankland, was in brilliant form in the second round, being one under fours when he won his match with Sir Geoffrey Palmer. Sir Geoffrey had previously beaten the Prince of Wales (at Walton Heath) after an exciting struggle. Captain FitzGerald, who defeated Sir Humphrey de Trafford, has a handicap of 5, and Major Tommy Bouch is on the 16 mark



MAJOR BOUCH, LORD BLANDFORD, AND MR. BUCHANAN

Priscilla in Paris

AS you know, Très Cher, I missed—bein' otherwise engaged—the inauguration of the Exposition Coloniale, but, by all accounts, it was just as well, for the opening days were nothing but a mass o' mud and mortar. I am just as glad to have had my first glimpse of the almost-finished show on an ornery night without any special blaring of trumpets and waving of banners; after my little "do" at the C.M.P. I'm all for early hours and not too much excitement.

The lighting arrangements are—thanks to Jaccopozzi—really beautiful; it is quite ages since I have been so thrilled, and by the time this reaches you the special illuminations which start at the Place de l'Opéra, light up the *grands boulevards* all the way to the Bastille, and thence down the avenue Daumesnil, right to the main entrance of the Exhibition, should be ready (though one never knows!), and even the "dumbest" country cousin will find it difficult to lose his bearings! By the way, let me tell you—for your good guidance—that the best way to be *au fait* of the daily programme and divers happenings at Vincennes is to read the special column reserved to that effect in the "Intransigant"; it is edited, the column I mean (for the whole world knows that "l'Intran" belongs to M. Léon Bailby), by A. de Gobart, and he seems to have the monopoly of correct information on this and every other subject under the sun . . . or moon.

What a ghastly number of accidents paid toll for the Whitsuntide holidays in this country; one of the most terrible was the one that caused the death of young *Géorge Volterra*, the only son of the popular theatre manager, *Léon Volterra*. Such a handsome boy . . . such a happy, jolly, glad-to-be-alive kid. He was only twenty-two years old, and in the midst of accomplishing his *service militaire* period at Châlons-sur-Marne. He had a new motor bike—one of those infernal things that can cover 90 kilometres p.h., but that fly off the road at the first pot-hole. The accident must have happened at dusk, but he was picked up only at dawn by some peasants going to their work in the fields. He had crashed, head first, into a tree. They have buried him in that peaceful little cemetery at Passy, that rural oasis that is in the midst of the town, and yet where the noise of the passing cars and trams is hardly perceptible, so high are the walls, so thick are the encircling trees. Many famous tombs are to be found in the shelter of those walls, that of *Marie Bashkirtseff*, of *Réjane*, and of "la petite *Hériot*," the beautiful young actress who was



"MIS" AND HER EQUIPAGE

The very latest picture from Paris of the lady with the world's loveliest and most heavily-insured legs. Mistinguette has been touring in North Africa and the South of France with her own revue company, and has only just got back



FRAÜLEIN GITTA ALPAR, HERR FRANZ LEHAR, AND HERR RICHARD TAUBER

The famous composer and two of those who so well interpret his works. Fräulein Gitta Alpar is the well-known Hungarian soubrette. Herr Tauber we in London have known for far too short a time, for his voice broke down and he had to relinquish his part in "The Land of Smiles" at Drury Lane

unable to escape from her dressing-room, when the *Comédie Française* was burned down in the early days of this century. Three great musicians lie there also: Charles Debussy, Gabriel Fauré, and André Messager; a famous writer, Octave Mirbeau, and also that frail and lovely little English poetess "of the moonlight hair," *Renée Vivien* (Miss Pauline Tarn). On the evening of his son's funeral all the Volterra establishments were closed. The El Garon orchestras were dumb. *Ces Messieurs de la Santé* were silent at the *Théâtre de Paris*. Luna Park showed a dark and barred façade, and Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights* ceased, that day, to shine at Marigny.

Considerable amusement has been caused by M. Jean Sarment's pretentious claim that accuses Charlie Chaplin of having filched the idea of his film from one of Sarment's plays, *Les plus beaux yeux du Monde*, which was recently revived at the *Théâtre Pigalle*. The theme of the blinded person who is allowed to dwell in a fool's paradise—though fool is hardly the fitting expression—thanks to the self sacrifice of an altruistic friend, is not exactly an original one. Victor Hugo exploited it in "L'Homme qui rit," so did Dickens in the "Cricket on the Hearth," and, later, Georges Clemenceau in "Le Voile du Bonheur." Possibly M. Sarment has never had time to read, or even knowledge of these famous books . . . but it seems rather more probable that Mr. Charles Chaplin has never even heard of M. Jean Sarment!

The *Théâtre Pigalle* is actually presenting Michel Benois' Opera-Ballet season. A would-be more-or-less Russian company. Unfortunately, despite the magic appeal of *Komisarjevsky's* name for the staging and costumes the whole affair is appallingly amateurish, and more than one eminent critic found that he had business elsewhere—there were several *premières* that evening—after the first act. Before I left, however, I noted one attractive personality on the stage, an English dancer, Miss Elsa Darcy, but *que faisait-elle dans cette galère?* With love, T.C.—PRISCILLA.

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THE WORM THAT TURNED

By Unk White



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THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN THE OPEN
AIR ARE ATTRACTED BY THE COOL
SWEET FRAGRANCE OF PLAYER'S

NCC33



RAINBOW ENDS

By E. de Serre



LET'S GO · PREPA

A practical suggestion by our artist, Patrick Bellew, bearing in



ED THIS YEAR

mind the storm which swept Ascot at last year's meeting

SUPERB ABDULLA CIGARETTES

Wild Week-Ends with Abdulla

AFTER DINNER.

Cassandra Mauve, the Wiffles' brilliant niece,
 Leaves cocktail-life for satiating peace;
 Her wan aloofness gives them both the hump
 And Wiffles swears the girl is off her chump.

In the rock garden 'neath a callous moon
 The anguished poetess averts a swoon;
 Soul-curdled by the Wiffles' nightly sport
 She seeks Abdulla's aid to Lofty Thought.

. HOLMES.



MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN

By Auri

Madame Ida Rubinstein is making her first appearance in this country in a two weeks' season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, starting on July 6. Two of the principal dramas which she will present here are "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" and "La Dame aux Camélias," and many other things. The former was written by D'Annunzio specially for Madame Rubinstein, and he is coming over here to see her play in it. She will also give a series of ballets, including "Boléro" and "La Valse," both of which will be conducted by Ravel, who wrote the music



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CONCHITA MONTENEGRO



TOM DOUGLAS GOES TO THE MOVIES

Conchita Montenegro, the beautiful Spanish cinema actress and dancer who is pictured having a sand and sun bath on one of Hollywood's beaches, is in a new film called "Never the Twain Shall Meet," which sounds as if it ought to have something to do with a remark made by Kipling. Tom Douglas, whose principal métier is the stage proper, has gone on the flickers. His wonderful performance in London as the boy in that arresting play, "Fata Morgana," is still a living memory to a great many of us. Joan Crawford is the stage name of pretty Lucille Le Suedo, who is a Texan, and she was born in San Antonio and first started as a cabaret dancer



JOAN CRAWFORD AND HER MOTHER, MRS. LE SUEDO

IN AND OUT OF TOWN



UP THE RIVER DATCHET WAY

Arthur Owen

A group of well-known people snapshotted at that popular spot, the Riverside Club, at Datchet. At the moment when the camera got busy there was just enough sun to take this picture. In the group, left to right, are: Mrs. Roger Kahn, Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther, Mrs. Stuart Brown, Lord Donegall, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Lord Portarlington, and Mrs. Kennedy. It will be observed that journalism and the drama are well represented

LADY GRANARD AND LADY
MOIRA FORBESMARY, LADY HARCOURT AND THE
EARL OF ATHLONELADY MINTO AND LADY
HADDINGTON

AT THE HARCOURT-GROSVENOR WEDDING

Some of the very large Society concourse at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, at the wedding of Lord and Lady Ebury's pretty daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor, to Lord Harcourt. The bridegroom is twenty-three, and the new Lady Harcourt just a year younger. The late Lord Harcourt died in 1922, and the Dowager Lady Harcourt, who is with the Earl of Athlone, is a daughter of the late Mr. Walter Hayes Burns of New York. The wedding reception was held at Wimborne House, which Lord Wimborne very kindly lent

SOME FRIENDS OF OURS!



"SES YOU?"—"SES ME!"



BERYL AND HER "BROCK"

Abery



GOOD COMPANIONS!

The lady (terrier) and her boy friend in the left-hand top picture are mother and son (adopted), and no real son could be more carefully brought up. It is more than probable that he will be strictly forbidden to go into the Woods and Forests Department when he arrives at man's estate. The baby badger, who is being brought up on the bottle, belongs to Beryl Bufton, the daughter of Mr. Percy Bufton, the Radnorshire naturalist; the badger is the only surviving British bear. All dogs are very good to children, and the bigger the dog the fonder he seems to be of them. The name of the lady in the picture is Rosalind Martin, the daughter of the kennelman, who looks after the St. Bernard. The three gentlemen in red in the other picture live in the Belvoir country within half a mile of Melton Mowbray town. It looks rather as if they were waiting for mother with the results of her shopping expedition.



THREE GENTLEMEN IN THE SHIRES

Howard Barrett

Bubble and Squeak

THE mistress had heard from neighbours that her two sons were in the habit of taking one of the maids out occasionally. She did not want to mention the matter to their father, fearing to bring down his wrath on the boys' heads, but could not get a straight-forward answer from either of the boys.

It occurred to her that by a little strategy she might get the truth from the girl herself, so she said one day: "Now, Mary, I want you to answer me quite candidly. Which of my two sons do you like going out with best?"

"Well, madam," replied the girl, reassured by her mistress's manner, "if you must know, of the two I like the young one best; but for a down-right good spree, give me the master!"

A man whose fortune was greater than his education was interviewing his son's head-master. After discussing the boy for a few minutes the master said, "Of course, your son's worst subject is his Latin."

"Well," said the parent, "I don't see as that matters much. I don't suppose he'll ever go there, anyway."

"What was the matter with you at the 6th and 7th?" asked a golfer of his partner in a four-some, "You went all to pieces. If you hadn't recovered so wonderfully, we'd have lost for a cert."

"Well," replied his partner, "it suddenly struck me that I was to have been married to-day, but when I remembered I'd nothing fixed for next Wednesday, I felt quite O.K. again."



MISS RENÉE GADD

Peter North

And yet another leading light in the new production at the Cambridge Theatre, "At the Sign of the Seven Dials." This is all advance publicity, as unhappily all these pretty pictures have to go in before this novel entertainment has seen the garish light of day



Dorothy Wilding

MISS BETTY STOCKFELD

Who is one of the pretty principals in London's latest form of entertainment, "At the Sign of the Seven Dials," which Mr. Archie de Bear has produced at the Cambridge Theatre for Mr. Bertie Meyer



Dorothy Wilding

MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK

Another of the charming people in "At the Sign of the Seven Dials," at the Cambridge Theatre, which started on June 2

A man was being charged at the police station and was asked his name.

"Smith," he replied.

"Give me your real name," he was ordered.

"Well, put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," the officer told him. "You can't bluff me with that Smith stuff."

The vicar's wife said to her husband, "I think it's about time we discussed our son's future career."

"Yes, my dear," agreed the vicar; "the question has already been exercising me. I think I shall endeavour to find a position for him in the publishing business. I have a report from his tutor saying he already appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy with several firms of book-makers."

A man went into the advertisement department of a newspaper office and said, breathlessly, "I say, do you remember that personal 'ad.' I handed in this morning, endeavouring to trace some of my relatives? Well, I want it cancelled."

"Found them already?" asked the clerk, with a smile.

"No," replied the other, "but I've just managed to borrow a fiver."

"Who's that?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, that's the squire, sir," replied the villager. "Very excitable man 'e is. 'E burst a blood-vessel once whilst watching a chess match."

"I hear that the new farm dairy stamps all its eggs with its name and the date when they were laid, so you can tell just how fresh they are," observed one housewife.

"Yes," replied the other with heavy sarcasm, "I bought some from them last week, and they were the freshest I've ever had. I got them a week ahead of the date of issue!"

The following story is accredited to Mr. Talbot O'Farrell, the well-known entertainer, concerning a couple of commercial travellers, fellow-countrymen of his, who were sitting in a railway carriage in Ireland during the troubled times following the War.

With them was a Frenchman on an Irish tour.

Said one: "Sure, an' I've been down to Kilkenny, and then went to Kilpatrick. After that I went to Kilmory."

"Well," said the other man, "I went to Kilconnel, and after that to Kilbeggan, and now I'm going to Kilmore—"

The Frenchman threw up his hands, and exclaimed in horror: "Ah, mon Dieu! These assassins!"



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W. A. Rouch
MR. HARRY USSHER AND HIS DAUGHTER
AT BRACKENSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN

The famous Irish trainer and his daughter, Miss K. Ussher, who is one of the many owners for whom her father trains. His training quarters are at Brackenstown, Swords, Co. Dublin. Miss Ussher's engagement to Mr. J. G. Fitzgerald has just been announced

It is rumoured that the senior Master of a very famous pack of hounds in Leicestershire was simply overcome with joy when he read in one of our leading daily papers that his "particular sport" was "elk hunting." I thought that was a pastime confined more or less to ladies of the Lorelei type? In that fascinating book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," we read something about Lorelei's companion describing a very Distinguished Person as "a good elk," and there seems to be some kind of suggestion of a connection with gold-digging and this animal. There are no elks, good or otherwise, hunted in Leicestershire, so far as I know.

The interesting experiments of Professor Henry T. F. Rhodes of Toronto with beetles, whose sex and aspirations he tells us he has changed by the simple method of making them exchange their heads, must arrest the attention of even the most frivolous amongst us. Whether this thing can be pursued any further remains to be seen, but it appears to be a bit doubtful whether it can be applied—with complete success—to anything higher in the animal or insect kingdom. Some people who wear sailor's trousers and have nice mezzo-soprano voices, and their opposite numbers of the really female gender, may be promising subjects for the Professor's experiments; but it is not definitely certain whether they could be depended upon to survive decapitation. Marvellous strides, so the Professor assures us, have been made in growing bones and producing some stuff called protoplasm by synthetic means, and he says that in time he can guarantee to grow new legs and arms, and I suppose new noses, and in fact entirely re-create the human body by artificial means. No one ever need grow old or get worn out. Some, of course, do not—there are the classic examples of Methuselah and that rabid vegetarian, Nebuchadnezzar, and there are some more modern ones—that of a very charming lady whose name, I feel sure, it is quite unnecessary to mention. Some people are born young, just as some are born old, dirty, bone-headed, and many other things.

How often do we not hear it said, "Sixty? Why, I thought you were only about thirty!" Actually the person is only thirty so far as the condition of his vile body, its inner and outer works are concerned. The date of his

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

birthday doesn't count, because the material of which he was made has not worn out as fast as that of some of his fellows. Some people are lean and slippered pantaloons long before they are forty, and I have always thought that in addition to the matter of the quality and cut of the material it is because they like growing old and believe that it must add a definite weight and dignity! How stupid! What a tremendous pull in the weights to have a body that is only say thirty, and a head whose little store-houses are crammed to the brim with the collections of sixty years! I think we can almost boil it down to the terms of clothes and boots, for is it not probable that the contributing causes are: (1) quality of material; (2) fit; (3) use—made of? People who are pickled in old brandy or dry Martinis, and to stand near whom is intoxicating, of course, ought not to expect to compete; but Professor Rhodes, if I understand him, can even renovate them, grow new tummies on them devoid of barnacles, and complexions like cream and roses instead of either beetroot or too-dead fish. If he can produce artificial silk stockings from the atmosphere, which is full of cellulose, the foundation of those decorative garments, a little thing like new innards for the hopelessly pickled ought not to worry him. I gather it is all a question of how clever or otherwise you are with carbohydrates.

There may be, on the other hand, some well-defined disadvantages about Eternal Youth. When you are ninety (baptismally) and your physical age is only sixty, are you going to be believed when you spin yarns about the frostiest days of Mr. Philip Snowden or the falsetto voices of Mr. Jack Payne's bandsmen, or about the Neanderthal women and cubistic cows that were to be seen in Burlington House when you were physically only thirty, but actually, according to the Somerset House

(Continued on p. 2)



Swaebe
A FUTURE A. P. F. CHAPMAN:
LORD ROGER MANNERS

Putting one away to leg on the Green at Westgate-on-Sea. The future captain of England is the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's youngest son



IN THE PARK: LORD WOOLAVINGTON AND HIS DAUGHTER, THE HON. MRS. MACDONALD-BUCHANAN

Lord Woolavington had nothing in this year's Derby really worthy to follow in the footsteps of Captain Cuttle (1922) and Coronach (1924), his two Derby winners. "Steve" rode the first one and Joe Childs the other

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W. A. Rouch
TWO OF THE "KNAVES": CAPTAIN P. R. TATHAM AND MAJOR J. F. HARRISON

The No. 3 and the back of Major Harrison's team, whose jerseys are the admiration and envy of everyone. They got badly beaten in a League game the other day by Merchiston

everything still is wet as water. The Whit-Monday entertainment at Hurlingham was completely washed out—a great deprivation to everyone, for it is one of the days upon which the public is only too glad to avail itself of the opportunity afforded by the club. Incidentally, the club is opened to non-members every Saturday to witness polo; Block G, in the grand-stands facing the club pavilion side being reserved, and on occasions like Whit-Monday three other blocks are reserved. Block G is reserved from May 30 every Saturday for public use, and as all the important finals are played on Saturdays, including the Championship, June 27, the Inter-Regimental, July 4, the Guest Cup, July 11, there is no obstacle in the way of any enthusiasts seeing all the best of the fun. These dates are naturally W.P., and with that uncannily accurate prophet, Mr. Buchan, giving us not a great deal of hope for a dry season, it would be unwise to gamble upon the adherence to the date of any fixture. All that we can do is to hope for the best even if we fear the worst.

Considering the great disadvantages under which we labour it is most encouraging to find polo flourishing as well as it does, particularly in what may be called its nurseries, that is, junior clubs and beginners' organizations. In America they start playing at their public schools; here we have not so far, though at some of the bigger ones preliminary instruction is undertaken to a certain limited extent. It was very satisfactory and a pleasant surprise to see a record entry of young polo teams for the Novices' Tournament, organized by the Aldershot Command Polo Club—twenty-one teams against fourteen last year—a quite remarkable increase, and probably a record for any polo tournament at any time anywhere, even perhaps in America. They were mostly soldier teams, but not all. Some of the results are of interest because they may reflect collaterally on the coming Inter-Regimental.

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

No of any description was possible at any of the London clubs between May 21 and 27—this in addition to the greater part of that month having been cut out of the season by rain. Exactly ten days' play has been possible, and at the time of writing

The Greys, for instance, gave further evidence of the great polo vitality there is in the regiment. Some people say that they will win the Inter-Regimental in spite of the obviously formidable Queen's Bay opposition. The first of the Inter-Regimental semi-finals incidentally

is set down to be played at Hurlingham on June 29, the other one on July 1, and the final on July 4. We shall get some of the other ties at the London Clubs, no doubt, but a good few of them are played off at centres like Tidworth and Aldershot.



W. A. Rouch
TWO MORE "KNAVES": CAPTAIN A. W. M. S. PILKINGTON AND CAPTAIN A. H. BARCLAY
The No. 1 and No. 2 of Major J. F. Harrison's team, which, like most others, is wishing for a spot of dry weather to get on with the business of the season

Another hopeful sign where "nursery" polo is concerned is the activity which is being shown by the London Hunting and Polo Club whose office is 30, Old Burlington Street, W. 1, and whose secretary has been so kind as to send me some details as to the club's general plan of operations. The secretary writes:

This club is being formed by a number of London people who find a need for co-operative effort to derive the greatest benefit from their favourite sport. A well-known baronet, a Harley Street specialist, a prominent London lady show-rider, a famous Irish point-to-point winner, many prominent Society people, business, and professional men and women are among those interested. Many more will undoubtedly welcome enthusiastically the increased opportunities for equestrian sport such as the club affords. The Organizing Committee feels that a considerable number of your readers will be interested in this news, and the club will appreciate very much any editorial support you feel inclined to accord it.

As there are still some of us who continue to believe that the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse, and carry on in spite of being assured so frequently that the horse and those who ride him ought to be put in a museum, I am always only too ready to fire a shot in reply to the bombardment to which we obsolete people are subjected. We are made to feel quite often that it is impious of us even to mention subjects like hunting and polo. I am firmly convinced, however, that if some of the excessively disagreeable and ill-natured persons who make our lives as unbearable as they know how, had their livers shaken up by taking a bit of exercise on the "top of



RANELAGH: THE BLUES "B" v. CAWSTON

Major Rex Benson, the Cawston back, and the Blues "B" No. 1, Lord Erne, in their recent encounter in the Junior Colts Tournament, The Blues "B" had a start of 6 goals, and won by 10 to 7. Rain, of course, came down and messed up the programme of events—as usual in this sloppy land

(Continued on p. xii)



Flashes of Inspiration

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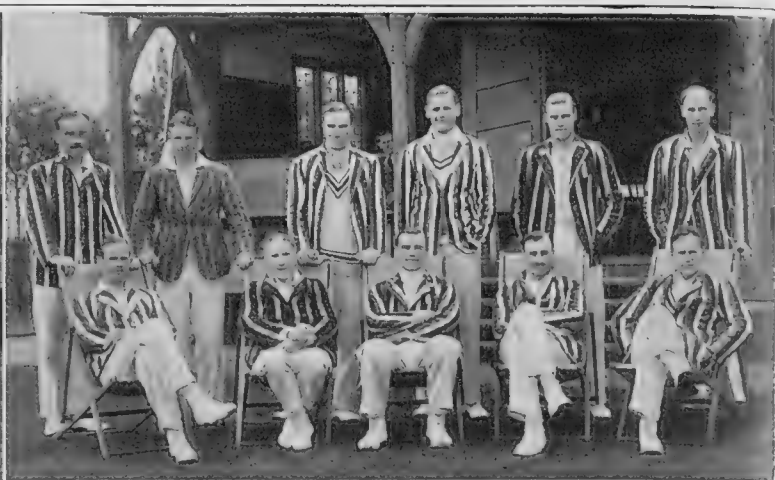
PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



SIR WALTER LAWRENCE'S XI

The names, left to right, are: Back row—E. G. Titley, A. W. Hickley, G. N. Capel-Cure, T. P. Lawrence, T. H. Rowney, W. H. L. Lister; front row—Cosmo Crawley, P. G. T. Kingsley, W. W. Lawrence (captain), A. R. Tanner, and M. W. Payne

This match, which was played on Sir Walter Lawrence's private ground at Hyde Hall, was a draw. The Free Foresters batted first and made 275, to which the Hyde Hall XI replied by making 189 for seven wickets. For Free Foresters, A. M. Crawley made 82, E. R. T. Holmes 91, and S. F. Emmanuel 58 not out. For Hyde Hall, P. G. T. Kingsley made a magnificent 85, and Capel-Cure 60 not out. Another picture appears on p. x



THE FREE FORESTERS

R. S. Crisp

The names, left to right, are: Back row—R. Colvin, A. H. Fabian, G. D. Young, S. F. Emmanuel, A. M. Crawley, K. K. Homan; front row—R. H. Cobbold, The Rev. A. S. Crawley, E. R. T. Holmes (captain), G. R. Pedder, and M. Howell

A Speculation.

I HAVE a sort of idea—though I confess that, if put to it, I should have a job to quote a very strong basis for it—that one of these fine days some brave firm will make a bold break-away from conventional car design and offer us something with a really big idea in it. And such a concern will need to be brave, for in these hard times few concerns have sufficient resources to enable them to tide over the year or two—or even longer than that—which will be required to overcome prejudice, and I should imagine, from words that I occasionally hear dropped, that the Big Banks have rather more motor-car propositions on their hands than they really care for. I have in mind not so much such things as putting the engine at the back of the chassis (where it indubitably ought to reside) but in the exploitation of advanced methods of saving weight. Two points must be borne in mind: one is that the weight of a car determines, very largely, its running costs: and the other that the ratio between power and weight is the commanding factor in its all-round performance. We have seen, of late, how strongly the tide has set in favour of larger engines—and an excellent thing, too. But that is only one means of improving the H.P./W ratio. Another scheme, which is better from every point of view, provided that it does not interfere with the dimensions of the vehicle, is to reduce the weight. And without doubt that can be done to a far higher degree than anyone has hitherto attempted. All cars are much too heavy, partly because of the materials of which they are built, and partly because of their mode of construction. They would be much lighter if the public had sense enough to see what a valuable quality lightness is for then they would insist upon it.

Real Progress.

In car design we ought to have got out of the steel age and gone deep into the "light alloy" age. Look at this metal Elektron,

which, I fancy, Bentleys were the first seriously to use in a chassis. It is only a little more than half the weight of aluminium, and by comparison with it steel and cast iron are ludicrously ponderous. Yet there is a lot of cast iron in most modern motor-cars. At this time of day I hold that such an antiquated material, suitable chiefly for kitchen stoves and drain pipes, should find no place in car construction. Now supposing we could cut the weight of our cars in two, we could get the same performance with only a trifle more than half the power. And I believe that this reduction could actually be made at this moment by a scientific and enterprising designer. Whether he could make a managing director see the point is, of course, another story. Such technical difficulties as there are in the way are by no means insuperable. A number of people seem to think that a pretty big weight of steel has got to be used in the chassis if only for the

suspension system. I myself am not persuaded that this is the case. I believe that the car of the relatively near future will dispense with metal springs altogether; indeed its suspension may easily depend upon tyres and body-cushions alone. If tyres are sufficient for the big bumps that an aeroplane gets, they ought to be enough for a modern motor-car running on a modern road. As a matter of fact they very nearly are so at this very minute on the clock. Numbers of cars have their springs so solid with rust that the latter hardly work at all, and yet they are not grossly uncomfortable. But if you really want to appreciate the part that tyres play in "springing," just try blowing them up 50 per cent. too hard and see what your car feels like. To get even further insight into the matter try, at the same time, sitting on a board instead of a squab. Your *arrière pensée* will quickly give you some valuable information about springing, especially if the car be on the light side. My argument, then, is that if (as I stoutly maintain) the tyres already do most of the comfort business, you might just as well go a step further and cut

(Continued on p. 22)



AT THE DANISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S DINNER: SIR WILLIAM JOWITT AND MRS. GOLL

At the recent dinner in Copenhagen given by the Danish Attorney-General Mr. Goll, in honour of the British Attorney-General, Sir William Jowitt, and Lady Jowitt. Many members of the Danish Parliament and Supreme Court and also the British Minister in Copenhagen, Sir Thomas Hohler, were present, as well as other notabilities

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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"NERVES"

By PHILIP MACKENZIE

THE tiny ward-room of the submarine was very still. Grayson, in sea boots and sweater and the incredibly dirty uniform of a lieutenant, sat leaning back in a chair and gazing fixedly at the maze of pipes and valves overhead. Unshaven and tired-looking, his lips were slightly pursed in a soundless whistle.

Suddenly he stirred and threw his cap on to one of the narrow bunks which lined the space which was glorified by the name of ward-room.

"Oh well, I suppose the submarine navy has to have its ups and downs like everything else. . . ."

The only person present, a sub-lieutenant of the name of Williams, stopped his nervous fidgeting with the papers on the table for a moment and pointed to the round vacant face of the depth gauge.

"A 180 ft. This is a damn deep 'down.' . . . What are we going to do about it?"

"We've done everything we can."

The tense silence fell again, to be broken in a moment by the gruff voice of the coxswain from the next compartment. "Shun! . . . All present, sir."

The voice of Winter, the captain of the submarine, could be clearly heard through the partition as he addressed the crew. He spoke in a level voice—a voice heartening in the quiet confidence which it held.

"We seem to be fairly stuck. There is nothing else we can do but wait. I am certain that our signals have got through, and as it's a calm day and we are only about two miles out, the salvage people ought not to be long. In the meantime we must wait in patience. No work is to be done, and you are all to keep as quiet as possible. The air will last longer that way. The best thing you can do is to go to sleep until the divers arrive. That's all, cox'n—pipe down."

Winter entered the ward room. A monkey-jacket was buttoned over his blue and white pyjamas, the legs of which were tucked into large leather sea boots.

"Well, that's that. I wonder how long the divers will be."

There was an eloquent pause, in which the nervous fidgeting of Williams took on an unnatural importance. Grayson, however, brought things down to the commonplace.

"Not long, I hope. I'm keen to get back into harbour and have a bath. I've got a date to go out to dinner to-night, too." Then the situation forced recognition from him again. "I can't make out what possessed the boat, sir. It's not like her to take charge suddenly like that and go crashing down to the bottom. She's usually as meek as a lamb."

"Well, we needn't worry about that just yet. There'll be plenty of time to go into that when we're back at the base, and have to think up something plausible to satisfy the 'high ups' at the inquiry." Winter looked hard at the sub-lieutenant and then glanced meaningfully at Grayson. The latter nodded.

"Pull yourself together, sub. We aren't dead yet by a very long chalk," said Winter encouragingly.

Williams dropped the paper with an obvious start and looked at his captain. Then his eyes fell away and he bit his lip savagely. "I—I know, sir."

All Winter's training told him that his duty was to soothe jangled nerves by a pretence that nothing was amiss. "What about a game to while away the time? You've got some cards, haven't you Grayson?"

Grayson rose and dived in one of the lockers fitted in against the ship's side. After throwing out one or two articles of clothing and an old magazine he produced the cards, and tossed them on to the table with a little gesture of triumph.

Winter started to shuffle them. "Cut-throat I suppose. Will that suit you, sub?"

"I—I'd rather not, sir. . . . I—I'm not feeling . . ."

"Rot! Come on! I think a bob a hundred's enough." Grayson spoke a trifle roughly.

The cards were dealt and they began the queer game of chance within the greater game of chance which they were all playing on the sea bed and in which their lives were the stakes.

Winter picked up his hand and sorted it as if he were playing an after-dinner rubber at his club. "One spade."

Grayson countered with three hearts, to which Williams offered no resistance.

Grayson took the dummy and started to play the hand in silence. Williams' mind was patently not on the game and towards the end of the hand Grayson was looking accusingly at him. As the last card was played he leant across and turned up one of the sub-lieutenant's tricks. "I claim a revoke against you, sub. You played the two of diamonds to my heart and then trumped the next trick with the two of hearts."

Winter upheld the claim and commenced to jot down the score, but Williams pushed back his chair. "I—I'm sorry, but I can't go on playing."

"Don't be such a fool! What else is there to do anyway?" Grayson was plainly losing patience with his junior, but the quiet voice of the captain saved the situation.

"Grayson just go and listen out for a bit and see if you can hear anything going on up above."

"Aye aye, sir." Grayson obeyed immediately. He realized that they were "on service" again.

Winter waited until he was out of earshot. "Now look here, sub, I know it seems a bit strange, sitting helpless on the bottom of the sea and playing silly games while we're waiting for somebody to come along and get us up, but it's a sight better than sitting about and moping. In a submarine one must *always* try to appear nonchalant so as to inspire confidence in the sailors. Then there won't be any vestige of panic. If the men see that their officers don't care a raspberry they'll instinctively feel that everything's going to be all right."

"But *is* it going to be all right, sir?"

Winter shrugged his shoulders. "Naturally one can't say for certain. Salvage isn't an easy job, and it's by no means an exact science, either, but the weather is good and we aren't so frightfully deep. . . ."

"And if the divers don't come, sir?"

"Then it's just a case of hanging on and hoping on until the air gives out."

Winter laid his hand on the lad's shoulder as he saw him wince and bite at his lips, which were beginning to quiver threateningly. "I know it isn't a pleasant thought, but there it is, and it's got to be faced. The point is that we are all on duty. Our job—even if it is going to be our last—is not to panic or let other people think that we are feeling funky. The sailors are never easy to deceive and it's all the more difficult when it's a case of deep feelings, but it has got to be done as best one can. Remember, it's your job to seem calm and matter of fact, and it's a job well worth doing."

"Yes, sir."

"Now go forward and see that the men are as comfortable as possible. It'll do you good to have to face them and it'll give you confidence in yourself."

"Aye, aye, sir." He departed, visibly heartened and determined not to let his captain down.

Alone in the ward-room, Winter sat down and rested his head in his hand for a moment. "It does seem damn hard," he muttered. "He's such a kid. But I'm not sure that he isn't better off. There are his parents, of course, and probably some girl, but—well—he hasn't got to think of what there will be left for a wife and two kids to live on." He drew a sheet of paper towards him and started figuring with a pencil. He hid the sheet hastily as Grayson entered.

"There's a lot of activity on the surface, sir. Destroyers rushing about at high speed and so on, and I could hear one set of slow 'push and pull' engines."

"Ah, that would be the salvage craft I expect."

"Where's the sub gone to? He seems a bit—windy."

"No he's not, and in any case it's not for you to remark on it to me or anybody else, Grayson."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm a bit shaken myself to tell you the truth." He unlocked a cupboard on the bulkhead and got out a bottle of whisky and a glass. Winter watched him quizzically as he poured himself out a stiff peg.

(Continued on p. iv)



'Ovaltine' has helped me"
Anne Croft

Miss Anne Croft, the talented and charming actress, writes :—

"I cannot tell you how much I want to sing the praises of 'Ovaltine.' I have taken it during a 20 weeks' tour and the run of the 'Maid of the Mountains' at the Hippodrome. I have slept better and feel so refreshed. I can never express my gratitude, for 'Ovaltine' has helped me to face the strain of very heavy work."

This letter from Miss Anne Croft is still another tribute to the invigorating and sustaining properties of delicious "Ovaltine."

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EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME



A happy return: Miss Maureen Orcutt, the only American "tiger" competing in this year's Open Championship at Portmarnock. She is a very welcome visitor, having made many friends when she was over here last year



Miss Enid Wilson, the English champion (who invariably includes a camera among her golfing luggage), has also gone in search of Ireland and the Open

nock, and another thirty-two even of the happy sixty-four will have taken leave of the event after one round of match play. As a mere spectator perhaps a little frivolity is permitted, but then a sympathetic feeling, a recollection of what it feels like to be a championship competitor, breaks through. No, it would be unseemly at this moment to make merry over the tortures-to-be of qualifying, and positively foolhardy to attempt prophecy. Let fancies go their own way, whilst this page deals with facts.

The first is news that Miss Glenna Collett is engaged to be married to Mr. Edwin H. Vare, jun., of Philadelphia. Little wonder that Miss Collett is not trying her luck over here this week, but we shall all miss her, so that "wish you were here," finding its way into the congratulations and good wishes which everybody is sending her, rings truly true. There never was a better loser than Miss Collett, and that is the way we have been lucky enough to know her best in this country. In her own she is a best winner; here the fates have been against her. Miss Wethered was too much for her when she came for the first time to Troon in 1925; Miss Wragg was the executioner at Hunstanton in 1928; Miss Wethered again in that unforgettable final at the St. Andrews in 1929; and Miss Fishwick in another amazing final at Formby last year. She has taken all these buffetings with a smile and in the very most sporting of spirits, though the two last in particular must have been hard to accept so cheerfully. Against Miss Wethered she had that unexpected lead of 5 after 9 holes had been played; against Miss Fishwick her own compatriots felt so certain of her win that Miss Collett was left almost unsupported whilst they went on to Gleneagles to await, as they thought, the Open British Champion. Miss Collett is genuinely and undoubtedly popular here, as only a right good sportswoman would be, and good wishes are the least anybody will send her.

THIS is one of those moments when a serious-minded golfer ought to be filled with solemn thoughts. By the time these words are in print four-and-sixty golfers will have proved themselves better score players than the forty-seven others who have failed to qualify for the Open Championship at Portmar-

Miss Dorothy Pearson has really been doing some astonishing scores just lately. To be sure, she took a defeat when Kent played Middlesex, Miss Pim accounting for her on the last green, but the rest of the week's work has been a 66 round Tunbridge Wells in the course of the Open Whitsuntide meeting, in which she was 5 up on bogey and 4 better than her own previous record, and a win of the scratch prize in the Langley Park Open Meeting, after a tie at 83 with Miss Doxford. If a promise has not been made to abstain from championship prophecy! . . .

The golfing air at the moment is thick with lamentations from all those people who, whilst they had booked rooms and even caddies for "Eve's" Scottish Foursomes at Gullane, had omitted the still more essential item of sending in an entrance form to "Britannia and Eve," with the result that 128 couples who had done that small necessary act have been drawn to play, whilst the others remain on the waiting list. Thence they cast envious eyes at the lucky ones who are in. They do not wish them ill, of course, but if only some of those who are in would drop out, then those who are out would come in! The management sits immobile, with a list numbered according to the order in which the waiting list names arrived, compassionate but impotent to do anything. All that can be done is to implore any couples who do mean to scratch to do so quickly, so that the poor waiting list pairs may have their hearts rejoiced by news of the vacancies into which they can step. It is a marvellous entry, and the luck of the draw, whilst providing one terrific first round struggle, has on the whole scattered the best couples fairly well. That great struggle is between Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, the Northern Foursome winners of 1930 and

1931, and Miss Jean McCulloch and Mrs. F. G. Neilson, who made a yearly practice of prize-winning in the first few Scottish Foursomes. The Yorkshire pair will be giving a couple of strokes. The backmarkers, Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Hugh Percy, are in the same quarter, but Mrs. J. B. Watson is in the other half of the draw, with Mrs. Ernest Hill to support her.

The moral of Gullane seems to be "Enter early," so perhaps it is not too soon to mention a fixture which will certainly attract



Mrs. Bridgeman and Mrs. Kingscote on the 18th green at Woking. Mrs. Kingscote is the wife of Colonel Kingscote of lawn tennis fame

all who know Southerndown, those unhappy few who do not yet, and all who can find the right partner and time to go there for the second week-end in July. Southerndown has for several years held an open scratch mixed foursomes tournament, locally

(Continued on p. 22)



Miss Cowie and Mrs. Rhys walk the plank at Princes, Sandwich. They both competed in the recent Kent Championship



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Powerless Breezes.

WITH Ascot, the height of the season is reached, and there are seen the perfected fashions that made their début in the spring; they have passed the censorship of women who understand the art of dressing well. Among the many interesting things that will appear at this the greatest fashion parade of the season will be (1) pleats with an almost tailored aspect, they have taken the place of generous flares; (2) abbreviated circular godets; (3) hems of skirts treated in such a way that the breezes will be powerless to impart unto them an untidy appearance; (4) all round pleated skirts as straight as can be, they will clear the ground by about an inch; (5) panels of fine tucks in graduated lengths; (6) slim, straight lines.

Clever Colour Alliances.

There will be many versions of the picture frock expressed in stiffened muslin as well as organdie, the skirts being enriched with narrow frills of lace. The alliance of black and white will maintain its supremacy, white organdie piqué and linen will be seen in conjunction with black georgette lace and matt satin frocks; then there will be white bead necklaces as well as natural floral ones. Primrose yellow organdie frocks will have touches of marine blue, while brown, dark blue and black affairs will be relieved with yellow. Generally speaking, lace georgette and chiffon will be the fabricating mediums, the two latter printed.

The Severed Skirt.

It is not likely that many severed skirts will be represented at Ascot, at least not in the Royal enclosure. Two leaders of fashion have ordered black georgette frocks; one has the severed skirt, but so full are the trousers that the division passes well-nigh unnoticed, while the skirt of the other is perfectly moulded over the hips in a geometrical design, and finishes its career in sculptured folds. The corsages (which are concealed from view) are of cobwebby black lace; the coatees cross smartly over at the waist-line, and are reinforced with cape sleeves which terminate at the elbows. White lace mittens hemmed with black fur, and shady black Baku hats raised from the foreheads with bandeaux camouflaged with white flowers complete the scheme; all the other accessories are white. A notable Parisian dress-maker has sent to London some very charming grey crêpe frocks, and curiously enough they have found favour in the eyes of the

Aspreys add a coat to many of their frocks; the model on the left is of scarlet crêpe de chine, the corsage portion being beige. Washing crêpe of a pastel beige shade makes the dress on the right, and a brown woollen fabric with a basket weave makes the coat. (See p. ii)



Fashion: M. E. BROOKE

youthful blondes and decided brunettes, but they have not appealed to the older women.

Light Hats and Dark Dresses.

As Paris has set her stamp of approval on light hats with dark dresses there is sure to be a vogue for them on this side of the Channel. Decidedly smart is a black georgette frock with a Chartreuse green small straw hat and a triple-string necklace of flat beads to repeat the colour; the other accessories are black. Another smart outfit is a banana yellow straw hat with cloche brim with a black crêpe suit, the scarf introducing a touch of yellow; red might be substituted for the yellow. Elaborate forms of decoration have been eliminated from the world of millinery; everything is dependent on that elusive quality line and originality. A shady Leghorn hat may have two crystal rings passed over the stems of a miniature bunch of cornfield flowers which appears at the back of the brim. Two small tabs of ribbon are sometimes considered all sufficient for the adornment of an enormous crinoline hat. Cravat bows of ribbon and floral motifs appear in the most unexpected places: as far apart as the edge of the brim and the apex of the crown.

Last Minute Frocks.

No matter the good resolutions that are made regarding equipping the wardrobe well in advance for the London Season, they are more often broken than not. Jay's (Regent Street, W.) ready-to-wear department will be a veritable Mecca to those who have omitted to order their dresses for Ascot and Goodwood. For older women who have to consider their figures carefully there are black lace dresses (innocent of sleeves): hence they may do duty in the evening; they are accompanied by sleeved coatees which are loosely knotted in front; they have a particularly slimming effect, and although they are mounted on a perfectly cut slip the cost is only 14 guineas; for the younger women there are dresses in lovely shades of blue and beige lace for the same price; while for the débutante there are dresses of printed crêpe de chine and chiffon for 8½ guineas.

It is from Pettigrew and Stephens of Glasgow that this coat frock with tweed effect comes, and so does the Gazeld a suede coat. (See p. ii)

Fashions in Beach and Bathing Suits. Originality and variety were the salient features of the beach and bathing suits at Selfridge's parade of fashion, Oxford Street; they ranged in price from 5s. to £15 and, of course, all beach needs including rubber birds and animals were well represented. Many of the swimmers were expressed in elastic

(Continued on p. ii)



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

knit wool; the amusing designs being expressed in contrasting colours. Woven-in bows were important features; they appeared at the base of the décolletage at the back. Among the beach suits that were applauded was one with wide scarlet crêpe de chine trousers; the white bodice was of gauged silk decorated with red spots, it was reinforced with a flared basque; the same colour scheme was repeated in the coat, and the brim of the shady hat was at least 2 ft. wide. Linen pyjama suits in a variety of colour schemes were 25s. 9d.; while those of printed cotton were 12s. 11d. The illustrated brochure, which is full of interesting facts, will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

For Summer Days.

Even during the dog-days there are many occasions when a light extra garment is a veritable boon; all in quest of something of this character must visit Asprey's, Bond Street, W., as they are making a feature of summer frocks reinforced with coatees, and the prices really are remarkably moderate. The washing crêpe frock pictured on p. 502 is of a delicate pastel-tinted beige nuance; it is innocent of sleeves and is admirably cut. The decorative coat is of a new wool fabric showing a basket weave; the belt, which is invisible in front, is passed through slots. The dress is 4½ guineas and so is the coat. The suit on the left also comes from Asprey's; it is carried out in scarlet crêpe de chine, the corsage portion being beige, the stitching is decidedly novel, as in the distance it suggests orléaux, and of this ensemble one may become the possessor for 15½ guineas. Furthermore there are suits consisting of sleeveless frocks and cardigans of printed linen for 5½ guineas, while dresses of white spotted piqué which are ultra smart on account of the colour schemes are 4 guineas.

From North of the Tweed.

There is always a wonderful fascination about golf outfits which come from North of the Tweed; Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, are making a feature of golf outfits for 4 guineas; they comprise a tweed jumper dress with skirt, pleated all round, and sleeveless coatee; an illustration of this model appears in their catalogue, which they send gratis and post free. Pictured on p. 502 is a particularly smart coat frock with tweed effect, and although it is reinforced with a neat vest, the cost is merely 75s., the extremely serviceable Gazelda suède coat is available for £5 19s. 6d.

More Than Pleasant Prices.

It is not until a visit has been paid to the inexpensive gown departments at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, that it is realized the unique value that is there to be obtainable. Incredible as it may seem,

nevertheless, it is a fact that the ensemble on the right of this page is merely 6½ guineas, although the coat is hemmed with fur, and the fabricating medium is romanette; it is a perfect study in black and white. The ensemble on the left, that may appropriately be worn on so many different occasions, is 35s. 6d., and is expressed in pale pink artificial spun silk: the dress is sleeveless, but there are tucks over the shoulders and a narrow belt, as will be seen; the cardigan is provided with sleeves and useful pockets.

are as comfortable as they are smart. Much to be desired are the modish Oxfordettes with single or double eye ties. Court shoes are frequently trimmed with reptile or dull kid bows, and sometimes piped with glacé. Very smart shoes, suitable for wearing at Ascot, in black matt kid are 12s. 9d. per pair, while Court shoes in black matt kid are 16s. 9d. Crêpe de chine evening shoes in all colours are 21s. per pair, and it must likewise be related that the requirements of children have been given the greatest consideration.

Shoes Duty Free.

On Thursday, June 18, the Dolcis Shoe Company opens in Dublin two new shoe stores that will doubtless become modish rendezvous in the Irish Free State. As an opening attraction Dolcis will sell their shoes duty free; in other words, at the same standard prices as those ruling in the English branches. The addresses of the new shops are: Dolcis Shoe Company, 77, Grafton Street, and 22, Henry Street.

Fashions for Air Travel.

Every day more women are travelling by private aeroplanes, either as pilots or passengers, and as a consequence absolutely comfortable foundation garments are essential; they must be light, warm, supple, and perfectly ventilated. It is for this reason that air-minded women have set their stamp of approval on the Roussel belts, whose G.H.Q. are 177, Regent Street, W. They are woven of a special porous hygienic elastic; they are very soft, and although they are so thin that they are unnoticeable, nevertheless, they keep the body at the temperature necessary when flying. There is a variety of types, therefore all figures may be fitted. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there is six months' free adjustment service given with each belt. The profusely illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

For the Slimmer.

Not only are the Roussel belts to be recommended to the air-minded women but to all who desire to become slimmer; sports-women revel in them as they yield to every

active movement; and although bending, stretching, and running may be accomplished with perfect freedom the figure is firmly but gently controlled. Attention must be drawn to model 824; it is a glove-soft long, slimming belt and brassière forming a seamless garment, which ensures the equal distribution of the flesh and gently controls hips, diaphragm, and abdomen. The belt is woven to a high waistline, while the brassière is as soft and porous as fine stockinette.

Essentially Modern.

Essentially modern are the shoes which bear the name of Dolcis; even a casual glance through the catalogue will convince all and sundry that there is something for every taste and every need; it will be sent gratis and post free on application to the Dolcis Shoe Company, Great Dover Street, S.E., together with the name and address of their nearest shop. Balance is most important in shoe construction, and this firm's new models are so designed that they



A study in black and white romanette is the ensemble above; it comes from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, and so does the artificial spun silk suit on the left; the cardigan has sleeves and the frock is innocent of them.

All for Beauty



A Beautifying Finish by *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

Both for daytime and evening the loveliest finish for your skin is achieved with HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations.

First cleanse with LUXURIA to release all dust and grime from the pores and to lubricate and soften the skin. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it. Next smooth a thin film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM all over your face and allow it a moment or so to seep into the tissues. Finally wipe off any superfluous cream, leaving just enough to hold your powder. If you prefer a vanishing cream as a powder base, use the delightful AYERISTOCRAT VANISHING CREAM. Dust lightly with a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER powder of the right weight and colour for your skin. You will be enchanted with the delicate perfection of the finish.

Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/6, 8/6, 11/9; Ayeristocrat Vanishing Cream, Price 2/3, 4/6, 7/6; Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/6, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Eau de Beauté, Price 4/6, 8/-; Harriet Hubbard Ayer Powders, Prices from 2/3, are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

Nerves—continued from p. 498

Williams then returned from forward. He was now much more assured in his manner. "Everything's all right forward, sir," he reported.

"Good. Thank you, sub."

A sailor in sweater and blue trousers entered the ward room. "There's something just scraped against the 'ull amidships, sir."

The captain rose and followed him, leaving Grayson and Williams looking at each other meaningly.

"It may be the divers, or it may be a sweep if they haven't located us yet." Grayson answered the other's unspoken question. "If it's the divers they've been damn quick."

Winter returned with the news that it was a diver, for he had tapped on the hull. "I've told them to tap out a message that we are all right, but that he must connect an air hose to get us up."

Grayson reached for the whisky bottle and poured himself out another stiff drink. "Thank God!"

"Lock away that bottle and give me the key. You are going a sight too fast with it, Grayson." Winter's voice was stern.

"What the hell—." For a moment he glared at his commanding officer. Then he dropped his eyes and went to the cupboard with the bottle.

A sailor came in with the news that the diver had signalled that he could not connect the air hose as the valve was jambed.

"All right. Thank you." Winter's voice was as matter of fact as if he had been told that the next day would be Thursday.

"Good God! That means that we—we . . ."

"Shut up, Grayson."

"It's all very well for you to say 'shut up.' I don't want to die like a rat in a trap."

Winter looked at him sternly. His face had set into hard lines. He ignored the presence of Williams, who was standing motionless looking at the depth gauge.

"Grayson, kindly remember that I am your superior officer. You will do as you are told, and you will please refrain from answering me back. Sit down and hold your tongue."

Grayson flopped down into a chair and his head sank on to his folded arms on the table.

Winter sent the sub-lieutenant off with orders to have a signal passed to the diver telling him to try the other connection. Williams went off with a confident air.

The commander stood for a moment looking down at the bowed head of the lieutenant. Then he laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Come on, pull yourself together."

But Grayson shook off his hand and made no reply. There was no opportunity for further overtures, for Williams returned.

"They are making that signal now, sir. You can hear the diver climbing about outside the hull quite plainly from further aft."

"Thanks. It's half the battle anyway that they've found us and have succeeded in getting a diver down to us."

Suddenly both Winter and Williams stiffened up and stood rigid—motionless. A faint scraping sound could be heard overhead. Grayson raised his head and listened intently. He seemed in that moment to have regained command of himself, but suddenly his nerves got the better of him again. He flung himself back in his chair and covered his face with his hands. "Let him get it on. . . . Oh God, let him get it on. . . ."

"Grayson!" Winter's voice was ice, and the other's head sank back on to the table. It was as if by the involuntary gesture he was paying inarticulate tribute to a strength which he himself did not possess.

Suddenly they were startled by the hissing of escaping compressed air. As one man they all three turned and looked fixedly at the depth gauge. After a seemingly interminable minute of immobility the long needle began to twitch ever so slightly. Then it made up its mind and started to rise slowly, very slowly, but very surely.

"Thank God!" Grayson's words held the relief of a soul which had been in agony.

"Get the crew to their stations, Grayson." Winter was the precise captain of the submarine, but as soon as Grayson had left them he unbent and extended his hand to his sub-lieutenant.

"Will you dine with me to-night, sub?"

"Thank you, sir."



MISS SYLVIA WELLING IN "THE DESERT SONG"

Which Mr. Lee Ephraim is reproducing at the Alhambra, now a regular theatre with twice nightly performances of musical plays, 6.30 and 9 o'clock, the only central London theatre producing plays after this manner. Miss Sylvia Welling is the leading lady in that proved success, "The Desert Song"

POPE & BRADLEY

THE WEST END "LOG"

LONDON is still the supreme arbiter of men's clothes. Throughout the world, well-dressed men look to London for leadership in style or fashion. This is because the cultured Englishmen have always known how to choose and carry their clothes, and also because the West End tailors are the finest craftsmen in the world. Yet there may be a danger of losing our prestige, and with it our valuable foreign clientèle, because the Upper and Professional classes have of late been inclined to allow themselves to drift, sartorially, into a state of sloppy apathy.

UNDER-ESTIMATING the psychological importance of his appearance, the modern man has been lured to spend the bulk of his money on the extravagant adornment of the modern woman, and the residue on entertaining her, and speeding her aimlessly from place to place. She tolerates a Bentley, and an Austin is the only "baby" she bears.

THE working classes on the other hand, take more pride in their clothes than ever they did before the War. The result is a stereotyped level, monotonous and dull, relieved only by the comparatively small body of men who patronise the few exclusive firms. Foreigners, visiting England to buy their clothes, are apt to have their traditional faith in London's sartorial leadership disturbed by the lack of well-dressed men they see about.

IT is, however, always the minority which leads. Here is the commercial argument. Hand-sewn suits are of necessity expensive. But the resultant style—which only expert hand-sewing can impart—is indelible; it will remain for years after a machine-made product has lost what shape it originally possessed.

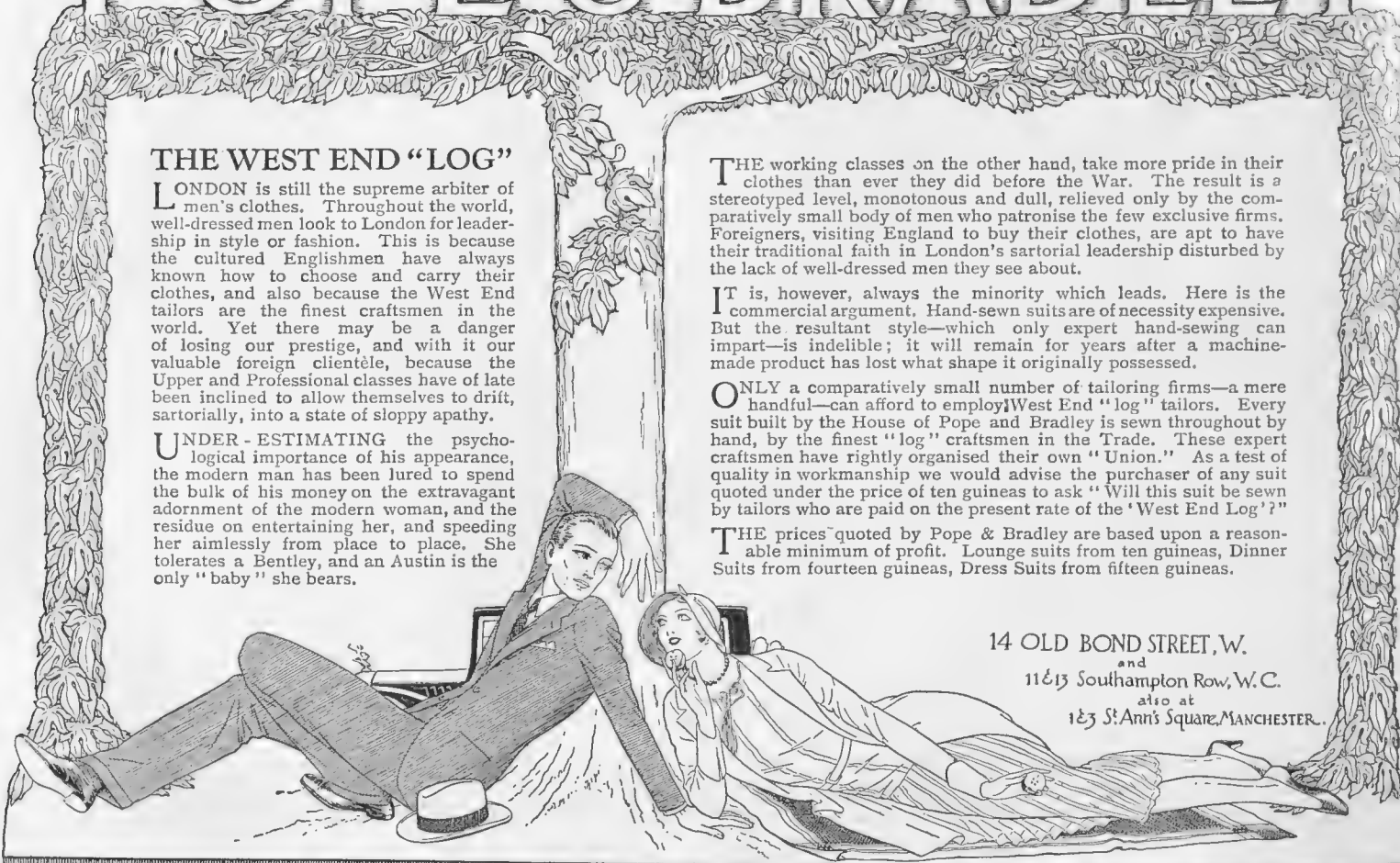
ONLY a comparatively small number of tailoring firms—a mere handful—can afford to employ West End "log" tailors. Every suit built by the House of Pope and Bradley is sewn throughout by hand, by the finest "log" craftsmen in the Trade. These expert craftsmen have rightly organised their own "Union." As a test of quality in workmanship we would advise the purchaser of any suit quoted under the price of ten guineas to ask "Will this suit be sewn by tailors who are paid on the present rate of the 'West End Log'?"

THE prices quoted by Pope & Bradley are based upon a reasonable minimum of profit. Lounge suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from fifteen guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W.

and
11 & 13 Southampton Row, W.C.

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MODEL GOWNS READY FOR ASCOT

Examples from our new Paris Collection



This beautiful Ensemble is for Race and Formal Occasions, and is fashioned in Mousseline de soie and beige lace. The complementary coat is to match with scarf collar
From **28½ gns.**

The original model in black and beige, 35 gns.

Original Draperies finished flat pleatings are the distinctive feature of this silk organdi Race model; the capelet adds a delightful finish. From **15½ gns.**

The Original Model - - - 18½ gns.



DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 470

Ambassador, M. de Fleuriau, who is a confirmed air traveller, being there. Captain Costes is an airman's airman. Other pilots appreciate his worth much more than the general public. He is a curious study in appearance. Short and broad, with a square face with heavy, drooping eyelids; only the profile, with the chin like the prow of a battleship, indicates the immense reserves of resolution that made possible the most difficult of all the Atlantic flights, from Paris to New York. His navigator, M. Bellonte (the ultimate e is French, not Italian), might easily be mistaken for an Englishman.

The French Ambassador spoke well, and with a certain diffidence which charmed all his listeners and produced from them a rather surprising demonstration of personal admiration. Captain Costes spoke as one who has flown the Atlantic twice and who holds the world's non-stop distance record might be expected to speak; that is, without the slightest hesitation, without a single "er," without any fishing for words. Direct, clear, to the point, it was a model speech for a man of action.

Afterwards Captain Costes went over to Hanworth to tea in one of the Air Union Golden Ray machines piloted by M. Bajac. Travelling with him were Mr. Kaye Don and Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary of State for Air, who was making his first trip in one of the fast and comfortable French line aeroplanes.

The other four Lioré-et-Olivier aircraft, flown by other famous French pilots including Codos, took guests of the Air Union for flights. The handling of the machines was always most skilful, and showed that the Air Union has pilots who may be grouped with our own Imperial Airways men as masters of their art.

Sywell.

So many air pageants are being held that it is impossible to do more than mention one or two of them. But the Sywell event held by the Northamptonshire Aero Club was so good that it cannot be omitted.



THREE "TATLER" WINNERS AT LEICESTER

Also the Chairman of the Leicestershire Aero Club, the third from the left in this group, Mr. C. Howard Bolton. The other three who tied in "The Tatler" competition are: Mr. H. C. C. Macleod, Captain Norton, and Mr. R. J. Barr

Lord Erskine welcomed the visiting pilots when presiding at the luncheon, and opened the pageant afterwards with a short speech. Flight-Lieutenant Shofield demonstrated the Autogiro and Flying Officer W. E. P. Johnson gave a display of aerobatics in a Lincock.

One thing about which everybody who went to the pageant is still divided is the method by which, in the "comic" turn, the balloons, suspended between two posts, were actually burst; whether the cowboy in the Moth really hit them with his shooting-iron or whether some concealed mechanism was employed. This was an amusing and ingenious variant upon the usual "sharp-shooting" turn at pageants and left everybody wondering how it was done. I have still not heard the explanation, but I refuse to believe that the marksman in the Moth was so brilliant an allowance shot as he appeared to be.

* * *

The Speed Ball.

The day before these notes appear the Speed Ball will have been held at the Dorchester, and in the more remote future, on the 20th, there will be the Bristol Air Pageant, at which the race for the S.B.A.C. Challenge Cup will be flown. The following week there will be the Royal Air Force Display.

On July 25, the King's Cup race will be held at Heston Air Park, with a course of 1,000 miles, the start being at 7 a.m.

* * *

The following results have come to hand regarding our Flying Competition:—

BLACKPOOL AND FYLDE AERO CLUB—WINNER: Mr. M. E. Hillacre-Richards, Lytham Road, Blackpool.

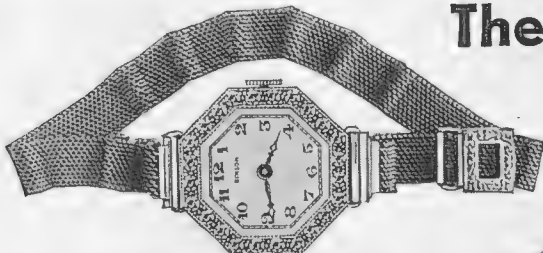
YORKSHIRE AERO CLUB, SHERBURN-IN-ELMET—WINNER: Mr. C. W. Richardson, Headingley, Leeds.

LEICESTERSHIRE AERO CLUB, DESFORD—Three exceptionally good applicants were received, and as it was found impossible to choose between them it was decided to call it a tie and divide the dual instruction available between them. The names are: Mr. H. C. C. Macleod, London Road, Leicester; Captain J. B. Norton, Grantham, Lincs.; and Mr. R. J. Barr, Stony Stratford, Bucks.

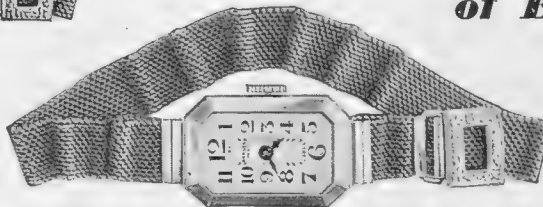
Results from other flying schools will be announced as received.

The modern way to buy a Bracelet Watch

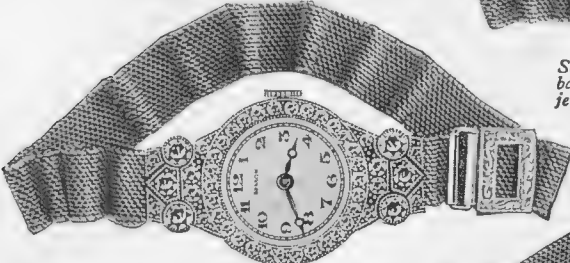
Under Benson's "Times" System of Easy Monthly Payments



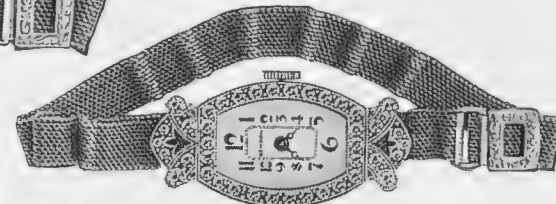
White gold watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds on white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £30.



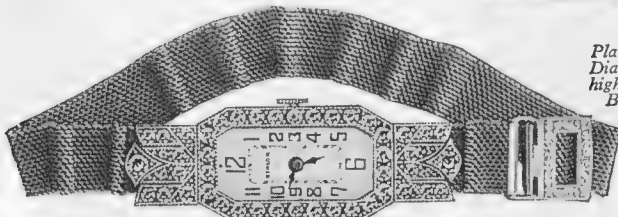
Solid gold watch on solid gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £10.10



Platinum watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds with white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £75.



Platinum watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds with white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £33.10.



Platinum watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds with white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £50.

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ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LTD., LONDON.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MLLE. EMEL FERIT BEY

Whose marriage takes place this month in Paris to Wahid Yousry Bey, the son of Her Royal Highness Princess Chivekiar of Egypt. She is the only daughter of the Turkish Ambassador and Madame Ferit Bey

of The Manor House, Kempsey, Worcestershire, and their wedding will take place in November at Penang.

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. Richard Jeffery Carter and Miss Kathleen Whimster have fixed the 20th of this month for their marriage at St. Columba's, Pont Street, S.W.; on the same day Captain Conway Bruce Campbell Campbell-Johnston, R.T.C., marries Miss Helen Winifred Karslake Bruton at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and another wedding on the 20th is that between Mr. Edward Duval and Miss Meg Heale, and it is to be at the Parish Church, Tonbridge; June 25 is the date of the marriage between Mr. G. S. Farebrother and Miss I. C. Beeton; and on July 29 Lieutenant R. G. Stewart, R.N., and Miss Favell Lovett will be married at Portsmouth Cathedral.

In N.S.W.

On June 17, Lieutenant A. H. T. Fleming, R.N., and Miss Cyanthia Hawkes are being married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, Sydney, N.S.W.

A Winter Wedding

Mr. John Rashleigh Gould, who is the younger son of the late Mr. Owen Gould of Lustleigh, Devon, and Mrs. Gould of Bovey Tracey, is marrying Miss Henrietta Beryl Hancock, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hancock

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Kenneth George Furbank, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George Furbank of Sandy, Bedfordshire, and Miss Annette Skelton, the only daughter of the late Mr. A. H. Skelton of Hong Kong, and Mrs. Skelton of South Lodge, Canford Cliffs, Dorset; Mr. Douglas Frank Smith, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Durban, South Africa, and Miss Joan Yvonne Laurence, the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Laurence of Durban, and granddaughter of Alderman Laurence, J.P., of Maidstone, Kent; Lieut. John Barker, R.N., younger son of Engineer-Captain H. C. D. Barker, R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Barker of Kingsand, Cornwall, and Miss Lillian Paget, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Paget.



Portrait sketch by Douglas Wales

MISS BARBARA ROGERS

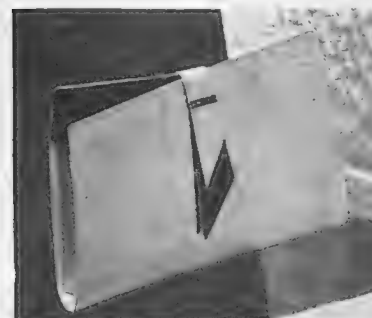
The youngest daughter of the late Paymaster-in-Chief Beechey Rogers, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Rogers of 1, Laurel Mansions, N.W., who is engaged to Mr. Ashley P. Haggard, the son of Mr. H. S. Haggard of Groveland, Florida

Hardly in Paris — and certainly not elsewhere in London — will you find such smart bags and bag-scarf-handkerchief sets as in Fortnum & Mason's Gift Department. Here we show you bags and scarves in regimental colours — £2. 15. 0. And just look at the gay foulard model — isn't it jolly? Only £3. 7. 6. the set! Remember! Our telephone number is Regent 8040.

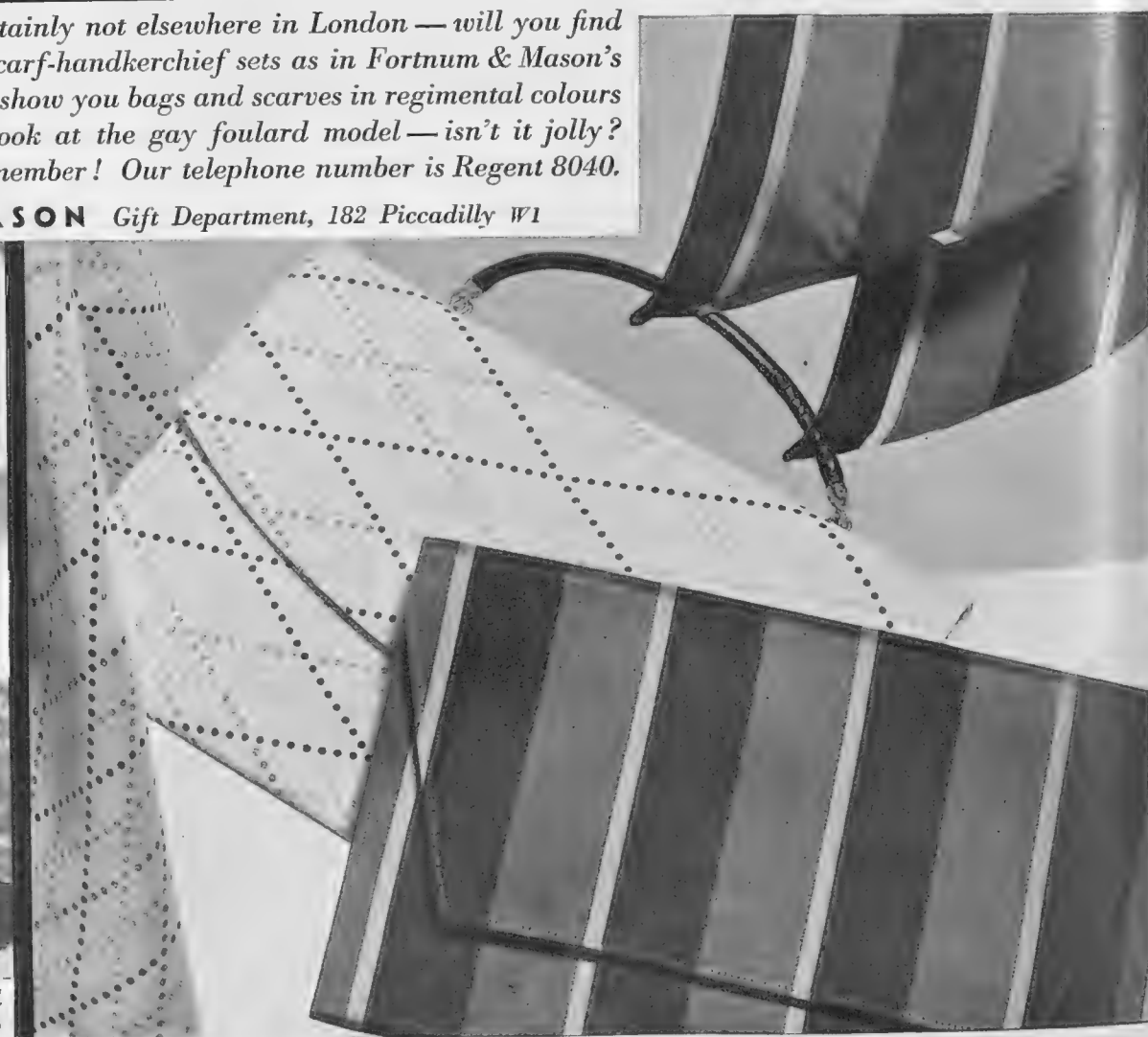
FORTNUM AND MASON Gift Department, 182 Piccadilly W1



The newest thing in loomed leather, lovely to the touch—one of many you must see when you call £4. 2. 6



A bag in white crocodile trimmed with black calf - - - £6. 12. 6





Is unsuspected constipation destroying your charm?

In the listless eyes and lined faces of half the women you meet, the signs of constipation are plainly written. More surely than passing years, poisons from congested foodways are making them old! Many generations have found in Eno's 'Fruit Salt' the safest and most efficient aid to elimination. Acting in a perfectly natural manner, Eno clears the food canal of all waste matters, punctually and thoroughly, so that harmful toxins never have a chance to enter the system and do damage. Be warned in time. No other single thing can do so much to keep you young, fresh and attractive as a daily glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

ENO'S 'Fruit Salt'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' connote the world-famed effervescent saline of J. C. Eno Limited and are registered trade marks

BI.122

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 492

record, sixty? Will they believe that you have seen Rima and Genesis and the Haig statue? I doubt it, even though they may not be able to contradict you. Few of us believed that old Turk's description of Napoleon.

At this year's Military Tournament at Olympia, always one of the best shows of the whole season the Gloucestershire Regiment is providing what may be called the historical spectacle side of it, and we witness a series of episodes from the past of the 28th and 61st, the old foot regiments which make up the two battalions of to-day. The Salamanca 1812 incident has been selected as one of the tableaux. This was when two privates, William Crawford and Nicholas Coulson, were the only people who survived of the 61st colour-party. The Quatre Bras incident might have been too much for the available space at Olympia, for it would have been necessary to have something like a brigade of French cavalry coming hell for leather for the 28th, who were ordered to form square. The Gloucesters on that occasion stood up to half-an-hour of the most recklessly-gallant cavalry attacks and were unbroken. In a lull, Sir James Kempt rode up and, taking his hat off, shouted, "Bravo, 28th! The 28th are still the 28th, and their conduct this day will never be forgotten!" In the Boer War the 1st Battalion had a very rough time in the operations preceding the investment of Ladysmith.



AT THE FREE FORESTERS v. SIR WALTER LAWRENCE'S XI MATCH

R. S. Crisp

Some of the lady guests and the host at this match, which was played on Sir Walter Lawrence's private ground at Hyde Hall. Some more pictures are on p. 496. The names in the group are: Back row—Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Miss Cameron, Miss Betty Homan, Miss Gipsy Lawrence, Miss A. Crawley, Miss Betty Gibbs, Mrs. Young, and Miss Newby Pearson. Seated—Mrs. Allan Delap, Mrs. Stafford Crawley, Sir Walter Lawrence, Mrs. Pedder, and Miss Sheldon

Major C. Van der Byl, who has worked so hard in the cause of preventing the cruelty attaching to the trapping of animals, has now tackled the subject of the "rounding" of hounds' ears, and I am pleased to publish an extract from the letter which he sent me:

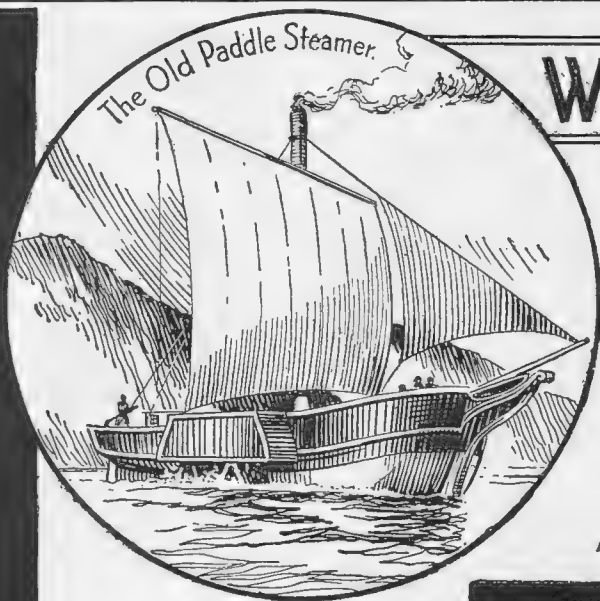
I was talking to a well-known hunting man last week whom I used to ride against in the old Army point-to-point days. He has seen the operation performed, which I have not, and describes it as quite unnecessary and beastly cruel. He assures me that it is a pure fallacy to say that rounding is necessary in this country to prevent hounds from getting their ears torn by thorns and brambles.

The secretary of the Peterborough Foxhound Show, in answer to a letter of mine, says: "As packs are represented at the Peterborough Hounds Show

both rounded and not rounded, and meet with equal success, it would appear that it is not detrimental to their chances in the show ring." So there seem to be no grounds for it on that score.

If only one or two more of the well-known packs would stop this mutilation, I feel sure that the remainder would soon follow their example.

By no means are all the packs rounded. The Brocklesby, to mention one very important example, do not do it, neither do the Warwickshire and I don't think they ever have; the Sinnington do not and, if I remember, the Meath do not, and I am sure there are lots of others if only I could remember them. Personally I do not think it improves the appearance very much, but I think in some countries it may be a means of saving hounds getting their ears badly torn by thorns.

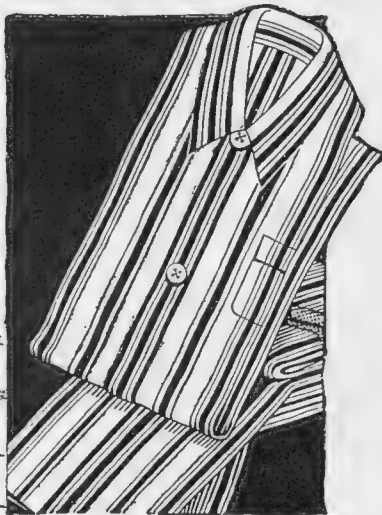


WONDERS OF THE AGES..

They marvelled at the PADDLE STEAMER—you will marvel at.....

"Tricoline"
THE EQUAL TO SILK
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They marvelled at the Paddle Steamer—what would they have said of our present-day "Ocean Greyhounds"? This generation insists on ease and service—which explains the strong liking for "Tricoline" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas in a smooth texture that flatters your taste and promotes your comfort. Dependable, exactly-fitting garments that one relies upon for regular wear. See the newest shades and colourings at leading HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS AND STORES.

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world



DEWAR'S

'White Label' Whisky!

Polo Notes—continued from p. 494

the back of the European horse," to quote the words of an immortal sage of Bengal, they would become a bit more human. I am sure that this Hunting and Polo Club offers these persons and many others a chance to acquire a less jaundiced view of life and I wish it all possible luck. As to the hunting side of it the promoters mention only three packs of hounds, the Essex, the Puckeridge, and Hertfordshire as possible, but, of course, there are many more within quite easy reach of the Londoner, the Whaddon—a dream of a country—and that famous pack "Jorrock's Own," the Old Surrey (and Burstow), also a good place for a bit of fun, especially if the object is to get a bit of practice at "sitting at the jumps." You can also get trains out of London which will land you at Harboro' or Melton in quite time enough to motor on to, at any rate, the Saturday fixtures—and there also the enthusiast will get a chance of seeing the fox-hunt at its absolute best—and fastest.

Where polo is concerned I read in the "instruction" which has been sent me by the secretary:

It will encourage a form of polo never properly developed, namely, slow or "amateur" polo, played by those who have never had an opportunity to become expert at the first-class game. While encouraging this form of game, it is hoped that through the skill, keenness, and enthusiasm of its younger members a team capable of competing with the more famous organizations will be evolved, and that other such polo clubs will spring up all over the country, so that there will be ample opportunity for friendly rivalry and keen inter-club play.

While hesitating to accept the statement that "slow" polo is anything "new" because it is from just that that we suffer, I get the big idea. The *communiqué* does not tell us



BAGDAD POLICE "B" TEAM

The team which won the Bonham-Carter Cup this year, beating the Iraq Army team. The cup was presented in 1921 by Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter, Judicial Adviser to the Iraq Government. In the picture, left to right, are: Judge Prichard, H. C. Sayed Ahmed, H. C. Abdulla, and Captain A. I. Sargon, D.S.O., the hon. sec. of the Hinaudi Polo Club

exactly where the Club House is to be, but says that one is "being taken in a convenient location within easy distance of London and conveniently situated to the majority of the meets"—of presumably the Puckeridge, the Essex, and the Hertfordshire—so possibly it will be at some spot due north of London. The countries of all these three packs touch one another. The Essex and Puckeridge are both plough countries, and there is also a definite spot or two of it in Hertfordshire. Polo grounds are to be laid out at the club, and ponies will be for hire, and they are to have schools—most necessary—and jumping courses, also very handy, for the really intrepid and expert instructors are to be at hand to do the needful for anyone who is so wise as to realize that no one ever yet has arrived at a point in the knowledge of horse-back riding when he (or she)

has nothing more to learn. There is quite a bunch of this kind about. The tit-bit of information I have reserved till the last—the little matter of £ s. d. The present scheme is: entrance, £7 7s., and subscription £10 10s., and the *communiqué* adds—

A limited number of Founder-Life memberships are available. Each Founder membership costs 50 guineas and entitles the holder to full privileges of the Club for life, without further payment of dues or subscriptions. Only half of this sum represents combined entrance fee and life-time subscription. A redeemable debenture secured on the Club's assets, and bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, is issued for the other half.

Season-membership has been devised for the benefit of those coming to England for short periods, either men home on leave or residents of other countries visiting England for either the winter or summer seasons. The entrance fee is waived, and a subscription of 10 guineas covers full membership for six months.

I am sure that this club, when it gets galloping, will be extremely popular, and also prove a saving to many in doctor's bills.

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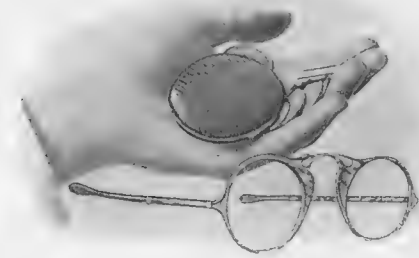
Amongst the many leading car manufacturers who approve Shell lubricating oils are:
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Stuart

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

"Speclettes" for Convenience.

In these days of constant bridge parties, cinemas, and kindred diversions, every person who wears spectacles at all finds that they can never be left at home. A woman has only her handbag in which to carry them, and the ingenious "speclettes" pictured below have solved a great problem. These speclettes, made by Theodore Hamblin, the well-known dispensing opticians of 15, Wigmore Street, W., constitute full-sized spectacles which fold up to the size of a small watch and will fit into the neatest evening pochette without spoiling its shape. The case designed to carry them can be decorative in the extreme, made of shagreen, gold, ivory, or adapted from a real old snuff box exquisitely painted. There is an interesting collection of these genuine antiques from which to choose in these salons. A brochure giving full details will be sent on application to all readers.



SPECTACLES THAT WILL FOLD UP TO THE SIZE OF A WATCH!

These "speclettes" are designed by Theodore Hamblin of 15, Wigmore Street, W., and are a boon to every woman, for they can be easily carried in the smallest handbag or pocket

That Tired Feeling.

That tired feeling and the first spell of hot weather go hand in hand, and men as well as women begin to wonder whether it

is the beginning of a nervous breakdown or serious illness. The truth of the matter is that internal organs are not functioning properly. Then it is that the aid of Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia must be sought; half a wineglassful should be taken night and morning; should an effervescent drink be preferred, a teaspoonful of lemon juice in water may be added.

The First Line of Defence.

Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia constitutes the first line of defence against all childish ailments; it is antiseptic in the true sense of the word, because it increases the powers of resistance against the

many morbid influences which are liable to beset the lives of children. It may be given to the young and delicate with perfect confidence. It is capable of a great deal of good and incapable of harm.

The Art of the Modern Coiffeur.

A modern transformation is a miracle of skilled workmanship and tireless attention to detail. The Maison Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W., are past masters in this difficult art. They are the creators of the Nonetta parting transformation which is sketched on this page. It is indistinguishable from nature under the closest scrutiny, even the parting showing the hair growing from the scalp in the usual way. The soft side waves and small flat chignon at the nape of the neck are characteristic of the season's hairdressing fashions. Transformations from this house range from 15 guineas, and shingled headresses from 20 guineas. A brochure giving full particulars will be sent gratis and post free to all readers on request.



A FASHIONABLE COIFFURE

Showing the Nonetta parting, created by M. Nicol, that well-known artist in hair, whose salons are at 170, New Bond Street, W.

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is assured!

SUMMER TIME in the Principality of Monaco is ideal. All outdoor sports can be enjoyed, King Sol. ever being in his most brilliant and smiling mood.

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First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning



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says *SIMON* the cellarman



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IN WOOD . . . THE *ONLY* MATURED

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

We have received many complimentary remarks on our Open Show. Mrs. Robson, in the "Dog World" of May 15, says "It was altogether a memorable show," and "Our Dogs" of May 22 states, "The 1931 Championship Show of the L.K.A. has been one of the best ever held by the Society. We heartily congratulate them on their remarkably successful show." Praise is always pleasant, but specially so in this case. It is always the ambition of those of us who are keen on the L.K.A. that our Show should rank, both as to management and the quality of the exhibits, as one of the best held anywhere. Thanks mainly to the Show Committee and Mrs. Trelawny, this is now the case. There is an immense quantity of work connected with a big two-days' London show, and when one reflects that till a few days before the show the whole work is done in the office by Mrs. Trelawny and Miss Bond, one is filled with astonishment and admiration.



CH. DIVER OF GUNTHORPE
The property of Mrs. Dixon

It is always an irritation to one to hear the remark, "What good is the L.K.A.?" Those of us whose memories go back to the time when there was no organization of women exhibitors see and recognize the immense change for the better in shows and show organization brought about by our Association. Apparently but few people do remember those days, so have little gratitude to their Association for the change it has helped to make.

Champion Diver of Gunthorpe has lately had a remarkable series of wins culminating in his successes at our Open Show. There he not only won the certificate in his breed, but also the



DACHSHUND PUPS
The property of Mrs. Huggins

Mrs. Huggins' dachshunds are too well known to require any introduction. Many excellent dogs have come from her kennels. She sends a delightful photograph of some pups. Several of these are for sale. She has both companions and show dogs for disposal sired by her famous champions.

A member wishes to dispose of her very nice kennels. These kennels are in Hampshire—the pine and heather country—two miles from a station, forty-seven from London. There is a very convenient bungalow and completely up-to-date kennels; the garden, kennels, etc., are all wired in and perfectly safe for dogs. The house and kennels can be inspected any time; they are either to be let furnished or unfurnished—or to be sold.

Will members please send photographs of their dogs to me. Letters to MISS BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

following: American Trophy, best in Show belonging to a member of the L.K.A.; Van Oppen Cup, best in Show bred by exhibitor; Lady Evelyn Ewart Cup for the best terrier; Special, best dog or bitch in Show belonging to a member. For some unknown reason, though cairns are always one of the biggest and most important entries at shows, they are hardly ever given anything in variety classes and general specials, so we offer our heartiest congratulations both to Mrs. Dixon and the cairn Fancy on this success.

The magnificent Irish wolfhound has many adherents both on account of his splendid appearance and his delightful character. Miss Dawson has some good pups for sale four months old; she says "they are fine pups, and promise to be big dogs"; very well bred, of course, as can be seen by the snapshots.



IRISH WOLFHOUND PUPS
The property of Miss Dawson

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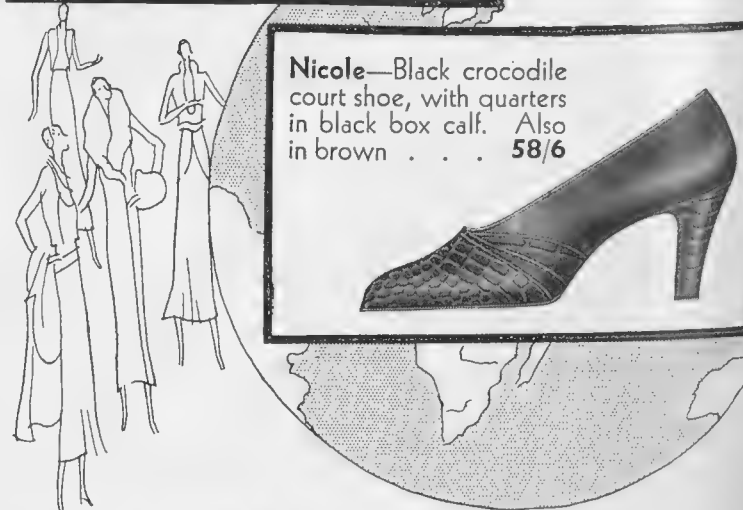
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Swaine

The "H.B." Club is a select and rather secretive brotherhood which is mainly composed of racing people, and its custom is to dine and entertain its guests on occasions just before any big race, and this picture is of the concourse at the Savoy just before the Derby

The names are: Top table—Lord Carisbrooke, Mr. Claude Leigh, Lord Donegall, Lord Ellesmere, Sir Walter de Frece, Lord Newborough, Sir Harry Samuel, the Hon. E. Coke; table nearest camera—Mr. Wilfrid Johnston, Mr. Claude Harper, Mr. R. Scott Fry, Mr. Sol Green, Mr. A. Hook; table beyond—Mr. Nat Quin, Mr. Geoffrey Olliffe, Mr. Richard Collet, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. L. Pillischer, Sir Charles Sykes, Mr. Stuart Grant, Captain Nichols (Quex); opposite side—Mr. Eason, Mr. Edward Huskinson, Mr. George Graves, Mr. W. Jarvis (the King's trainer), Mr. H. Hickson, Mr. C. V. Tabor, Mr. Willie Clarkson, Mr. Aubrey Hyman; third table—Mr. M. Chapman, Mr. E. Thornton Smith, Major Price Harrison, Captain Tim Freeland, the Hon. W. Egerton, Captain A. Macintosh, Captain Hon. Lionel Montagu, Mr. F. Hartigan, General de Crespigny, Lord Valentia; opposite side—The Hon. Francis Egerton (chair), Mr. O. Gilbey, Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey, Captain Tommy Graves, Mr. R. C. Bonsor, Colonel Miller Mundy, Captain A. Howard, Captain Stanley Wilson, Mr. Norman Field, Major E. Bellaney



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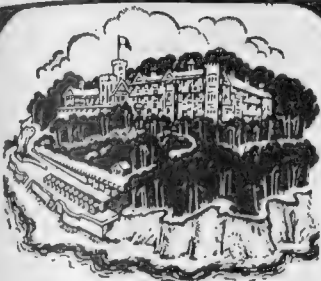
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Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 496)

out the road springs altogether, thus saving a huge amount of weight. Weight reduction works on the principle of the Virtuous Circle. The more you economise it the less power you want, and the less the power the less the weight required for a given strength. I'm afraid this is all horribly technical, but it just is so. Naturally you can't decrease power indefinitely, however gossamer light you make your vehicle, for there is air resistance to be considered. But I believe it would be quite practical to build a 2-litre full-sized five-seater saloon to tip the beam at half-a-ton . . . and take my word for it that would be a "goer."

Look to Them.

Whilst I am technically inclined I may as well blot my copy-book thoroughly by giving a practical tip about batteries. These are the weakest part of any motor-car, though by no means the least important, because they simply will not and cannot look after themselves. Yet when kept in good condition they minister very handsomely to our comfort. Just now most of our running is done in daylight, starting is easy because oil is not sticky, and even the worst petrol evaporates, also speeds average pretty high since longer distances are undertaken. This usually means that the dynamo pushes out a full charge for most of its time, whilst the battery gets very little to do. So it is regularly over-charged. The liquid in the cells becomes reduced to its constituent elements, which quickly disappear in the form of gas, and what with evaporation and bumping about over coach-infested roads, the level soon goes down far below where it ought to be. Then the dry part of the plates gets ruined for ever, so that, unless



Swaebe

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET" SPIDER AND ALL

The lady is Teresa, the fascinating daughter of Sir Hill and Lady Child. The curds and whey seem to have been completely "done in" by either Miss Muffet or the Spider

you look out you find yourself in autumn with accumulators that are in the worst possible shape. The remedy is both simple and economical. Have the cells "topped up" during the summer about once a month—it is only a ten minutes' job at a garage—and you can then be sure that they are O.K. So long as there is plenty of electrolyte there over-charging can't do any harm. But as you value your motoring happiness do not neglect the poor things during the warm weather. I take great joy in passing on useful tips when I hear of them, and the above is about the best I know.

Eve at Golf

(continued from p. 500)

known as "the Welsh Worplesdon." This year the dates are Saturday to Monday, July 11, 12, and 13, so that they fit in splendidly for anybody who can go on to the opposite coast after playing in the County Finals at Burnham on the 8th and 9th. Really there is no end to the amount of golf to be played, and at Southerndown there would be a delightful seaside holiday to be thrown in as well, and a cooling breeze up on the heights of the course.

The counties are getting on steadily towards qualifying for those Burnham finals. Middlesex are through as far as the divisional encounter with Bucks; Yorkshire have been playing the weaker counties of their divisional, and in the process so nearly took a defeat from Northumberland, only winning by the odd match each time that it rather looks as if Cheshire would be too much for them. One never knows. Because A beats B and B beats C, it does not in the least follow that C will not beat A when the county championship is in question. Which is one reason why county golf is such fun.



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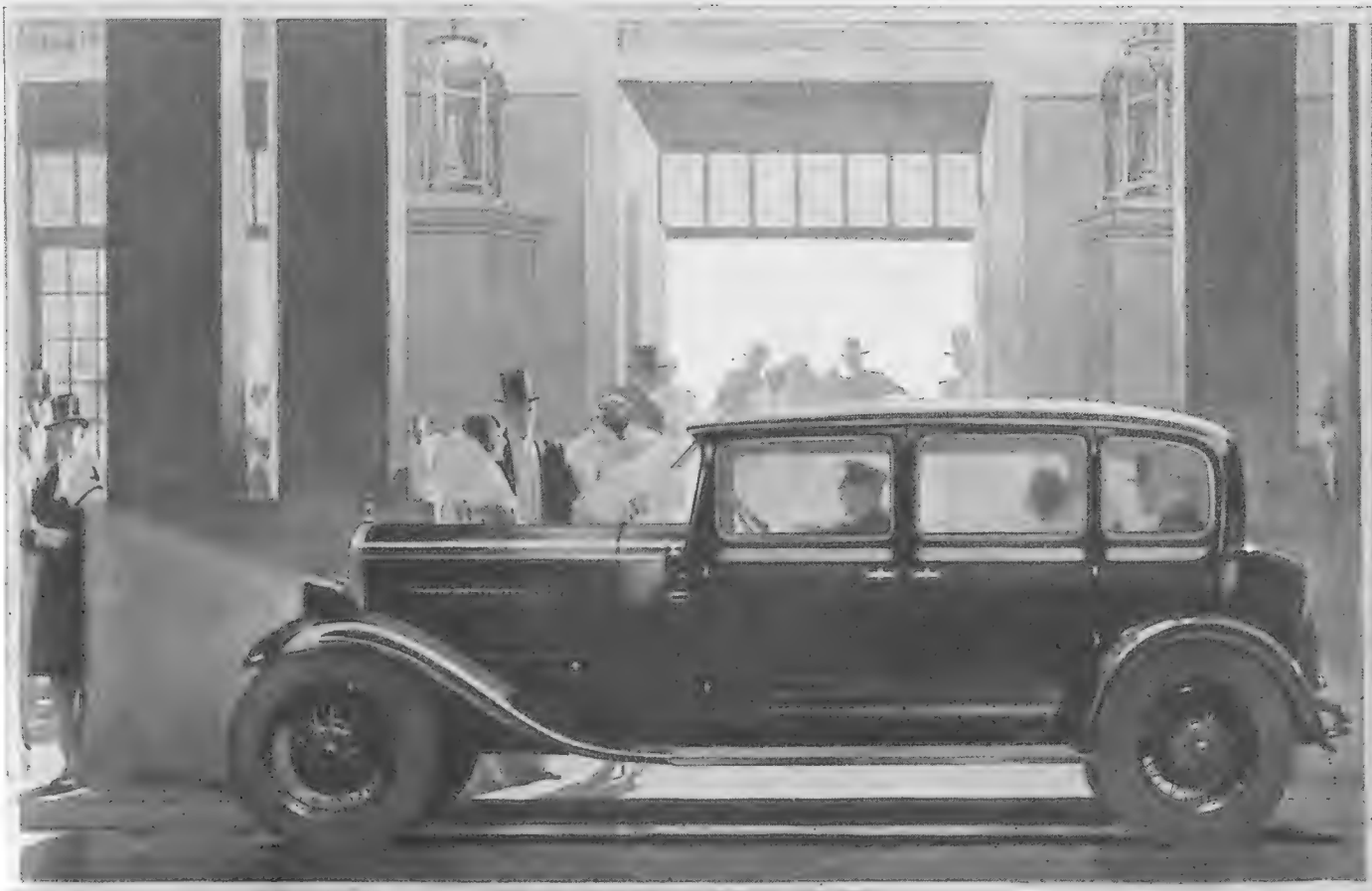
There is almost magic in the name "Rolls-Royce"—as there is almost magic in the car. For there is built into every Rolls-Royce quality which the whole world has tried in vain to equal.

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£525. Sunshine Roof £10.*

You have heard of that phrase 'the car of the year'? It has been applied, you will remember, to numerous cars . . . many of which have gained a temporary following, but have failed to hold their popularity.

Austin have never aimed to build a car of this kind—'a car of the year.' They have aimed higher . . . to build cars which, above all, shall be downright dependable, cars of such engineering excellence that they will stand the test of many gruelling years. With what result? Where one man will choose 'a car of the year,' two will choose an Austin—the car for the years, a choice which is deter-

mined solely by a deep-rooted conviction of Austin's superior merit. To those who demand this lasting worth—who require a car of obvious distinction, pronounced luxury, an impressive performance, we commend the Austin Twenty Mayfair or Whitehall Saloons. Examine these cars at your nearest Austin dealer's showrooms; compare them feature by feature with cars priced from £700 to £1,000; ask for a demonstration run; take the wheel yourself . . . and you will be amazed that such cars can be bought for as little as £530. If you cannot call, write for literature.

AUSTIN

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CAR CAMEOS

The Eight-Litre Bentley

WHAT is it the poet says, "We needs must love the highest when we see it"? On that basis I certainly love the eight-litre Bentley very much indeed, though I confess I am not quite content with just seeing it. But even that is a pleasure in itself, for this car, at all events in all the finished types that have come my way, is a delight to the eye.

It looks what it is, something carefully calculated and designed to attain very high speed with a very high degree of safety—which impression is derived largely from the unusually low build of the chassis. The frame (incidentally this is of quite unusual strength) is "dropped" between the axles, and the result is that without in the least impairing that essential thing for comfort—"head room"—the coachbuilder can get an impressively low and graceful line.

That is, however, only one of the benefits of an advanced form of design which is intended to bring the centre of gravity of the car as a whole as close as is reasonably possible to the road, the desirability of which Bentleys have learnt in their long and successful racing career. Another advantage of even greater importance is that by reason of the low C.G. it has a road stability which is incredible to anyone who has not tried it. It can be taken round rough bends at high speeds without evincing the slightest suggestion that it would like to be doing anything else than implicitly obeying its driver, whilst on treacherous surfaces it is as proof against skidding as any car I have ever known. Of course you should not do so, but you really can, with impunity, take liberties with it.

It goes without saying that the low C.G. is not the only thing which produces these results. In this case it is aided and abetted by a

suspension system which is so much out of the ordinary that it can fairly be described as quite the best thing of its kind that has ever been produced. The curious thing is that there is nothing unconventional about it, for it is a plain combination of long, flat springs and hydraulic shock absorbers. But it works to perfection. It is so supple that it adequately deals with bumps taken at little more than a walking pace and yet it is utterly without "sloppiness" at extremely high speeds—and allow me to add that with a light saloon body this eight-litre will do its honest 100 m.p.h. on the flat. The freedom from "roll" on corners is, to some extent, due to the exceptionally wide setting of the springs, but what is still more impressive is the freedom from "bounce" or "surge." In these circumstances the car is quite extraordinarily comfortable at whatever gait it is driven.

The only fault I have to find with this notable motor-car—apart, that is, from the fact that it is far beyond the range of my depleted purse—is that when you come new to it you positively must consult the speedometer. The engine is deceptively silent and runs without the tiniest tremor, and it has so much power in reserve that even with only a very slight throttle opening you find yourself toddling along at a solid sixty. It is all done in such an effortless way that, until you put it to the test of the stop-watch, you are loth to credit that it is really and truly sixty.

What the normal safe cruising speed might be I can only guess at. At all events, the Bentley must clearly be one of the world's fastest cars. But that, to my mind, is of far less importance than such features as its sweetness, its silence, its controllability, which combine to make it just as suitable for grave work in busy streets as for the gaiety of the open country road. Envious, indeed, should be the lot of the man who possesses this triumph of British engineering and has the leisure to enjoy it to the full.



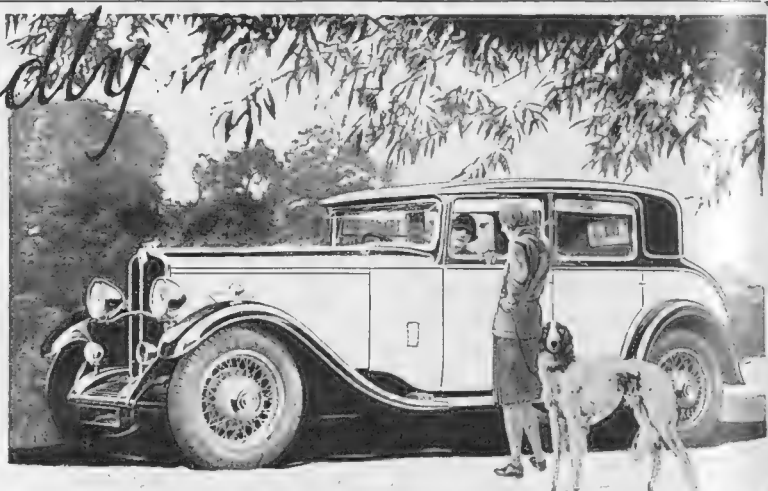
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BEST CAR IN THE
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ROLLS-ROYCE

40/50 H.P.

As for the car's cruising speed, this is, of course, limited only by the road conditions. Variations of surface affect it hardly at all, since the low-built chassis sits down on the road with exceptional stability. It may give

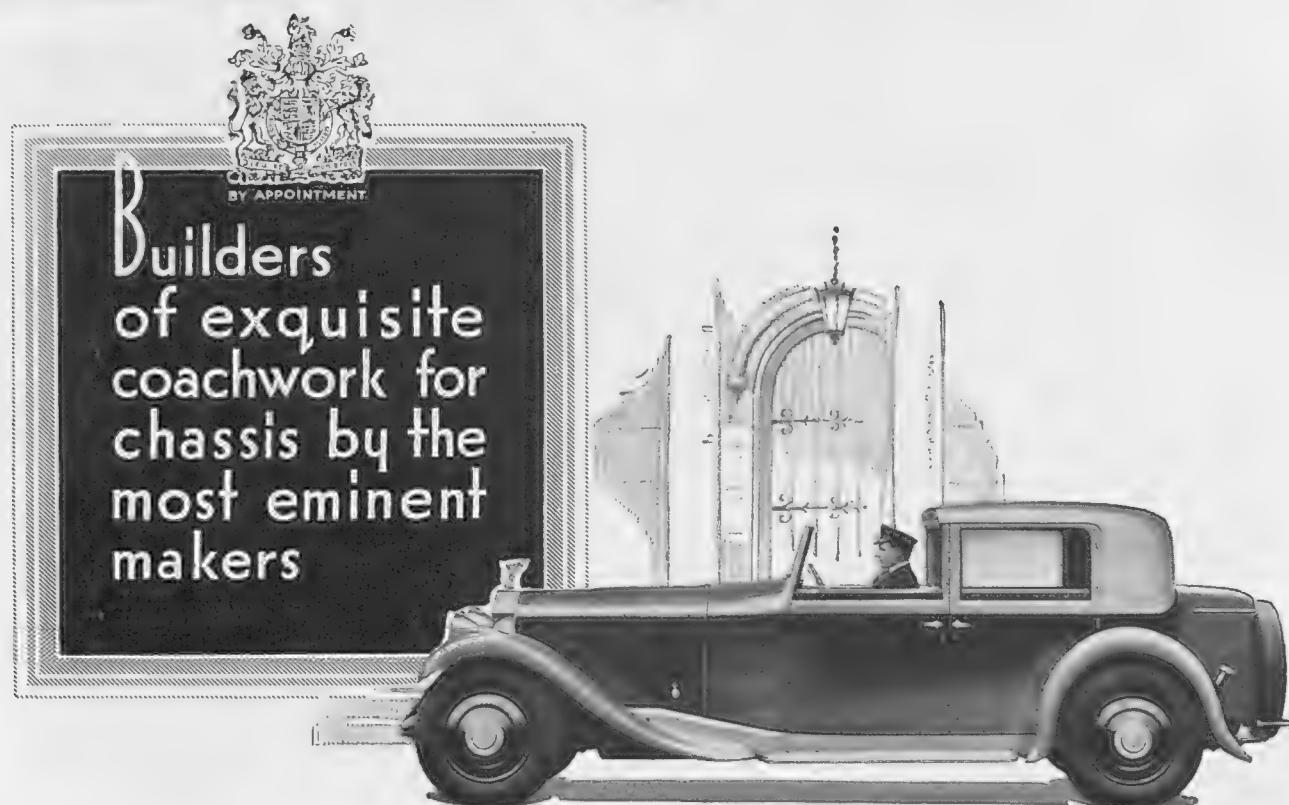
some indication, however, of the insidious charm of the Rolls-Royce when I say that on a wet day I found myself, quite unconsciously, driving it habitually at 60 m.p.h. *Earl of Cardigan in 'Britannia & Eve'*

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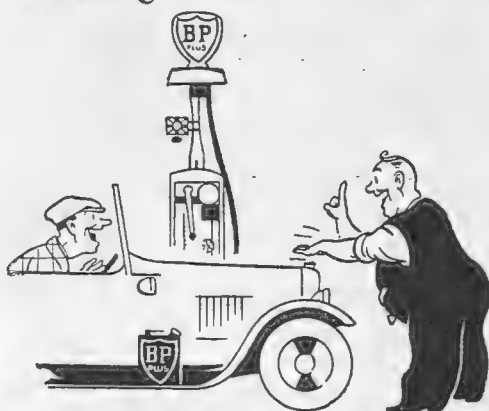
'BP'
RHYMES
OF THE
ROAD



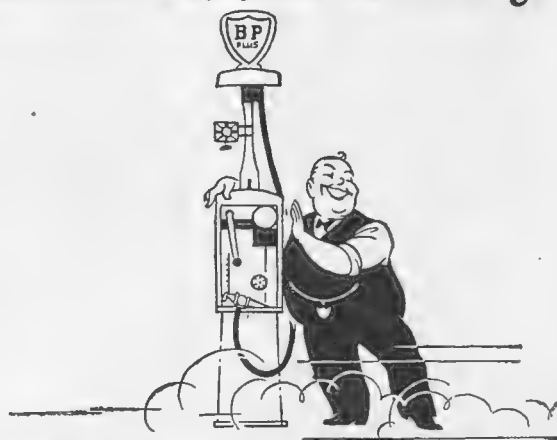
Up and down the busy streets,



Nipping round the 'buses,



Watch the way your car will go.



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The blue 'BP' plus
definitely ensures —
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amazing acceleration + more M.P.G.
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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

An example which might well be followed by many motor-cyclists has been set by a Rugby rider, who has just been awarded the Triumph Goodwill Cup as being the most courteous rider in the club. It is just over a year ago now that Lieut.-Colonel C. V. Holbrook, a director of the Triumph Company, presented a cup to the Rugby Motor Cycle Club. He

offered the trophy, not for best performance in a race or reliability trial, but as an award to the club member who, in the opinion of the judges, had done most to promote a spirit of goodwill amongst all other road users; in other words, who had used his machine in a manner likely to give the least cause of complaint to other road users, residents and pedestrians. The



IN SUNNY SOMERSET

A Ford Sunshine Saloon on a secluded by-way in the pretty Somerset village of Blagdon

offer was an original one, but it proved entirely successful. Riders proved to be so keen on securing the honour of being considered the most "courteous" that the officials had great difficulty in awarding the prize. The final decision was made during the course of a reliability run, when independent marshals took notes as to observance of the rules of the road, silence, and so on. There is no denying that motor-cyclists—not without cause in many cases—are still unpopular with certain sections of the community, and this definite attempt to improve driving manners is most commendable. May other clubs follow Rugby's lead!

The L.M.S. Railway announce that following the recent arrangements made for car-parking facilities being provided at eighty-nine passenger stations, an extended scheme has now been approved whereby



MISS SELENA ROYLE

Who is starring with Basil Rathbone in the English play, "Heat Wave," now on Broadway, and destined for the talkies with the present cast intact, was one of the early purchasers of a new Chevrolet Cabriolet. She yielded to the "Buy now" urge while playing in Washington shortly after the introduction of the new sports model

parking facilities are available at some 359 goods stations. The spaces available range from sufficient to accommodate over 100 cars down to small spaces for two or three cars. The charges have been fixed at 1s. for cars and 6d. for three-wheeled vehicles, motor-cycles, etc. In certain areas reduced charges are in force. Of the 359 parks, 249 are in England and Wales and 110 in Scotland. These 359 goods depôts have been definitely scheduled as permanent car parks, but in addition there are occasional parking facilities at a large majority of the thousands of L.M.S. stations and depôts throughout the country. In effect, motorists may regard any L.M.S. depôt as a potential parking-place for cars. Complete lists, in detail, have been supplied to the A.A. and R.A.C.

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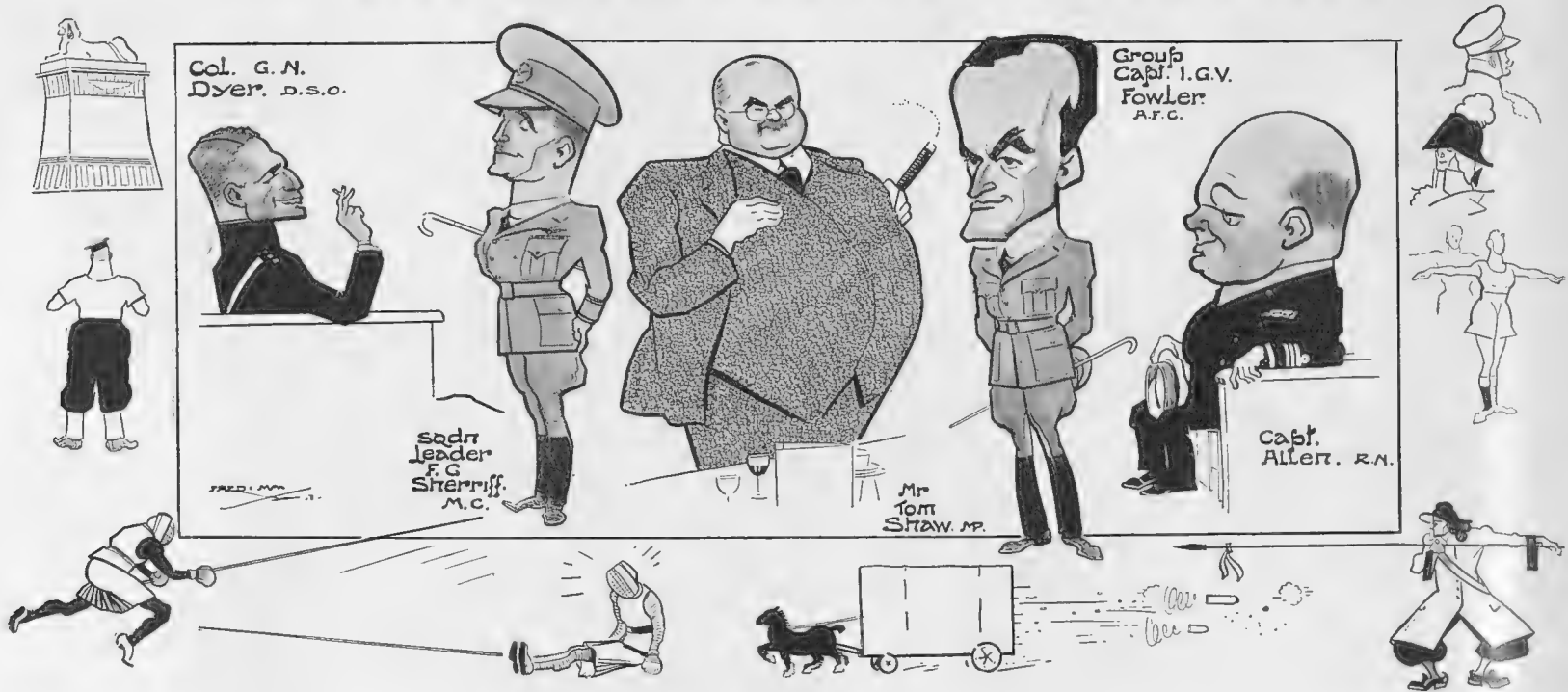


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THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA



SOME OF THOSE BEHIND THE SCENES

And also some fleeting impressions of those before them. Mr. Tom Shaw, the Secretary of State for War, is rather betwixt and between, as may be said, and lends his countenance and presence to the occasion. The judges, of course, are very prominent personalities. Colonel G. N. Dyer is Commandant of the Physical Jerks School, Aldershot; Squadron Leader Sherriff is in a similar position to the R.A.F.; and Group Captain I. G. V. Fowler commands the R.A.F. at Uxbridge. Captain Allen, R.N., is the Principal of the R.N. Physical Training School at Portsmouth.

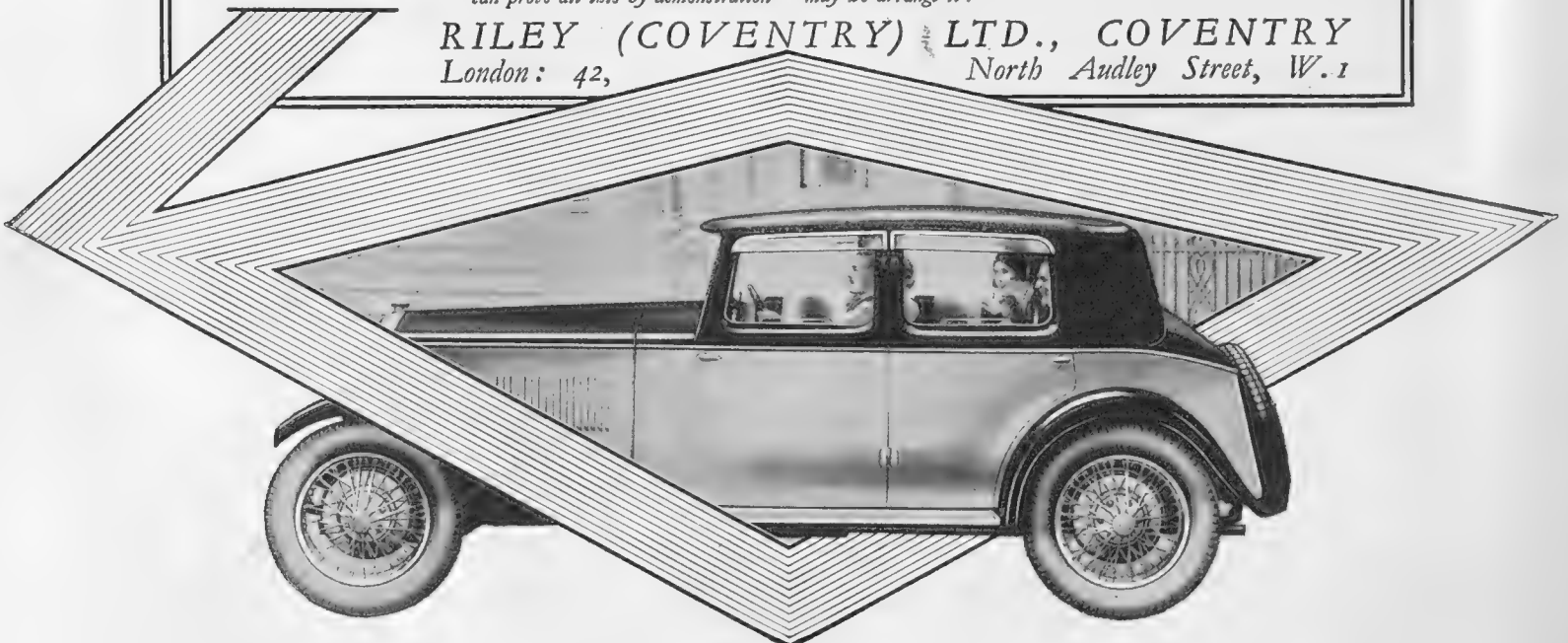


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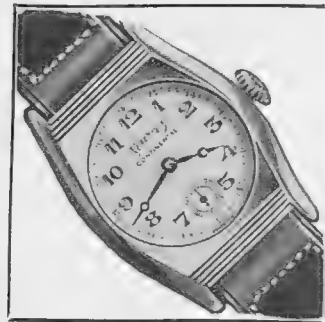
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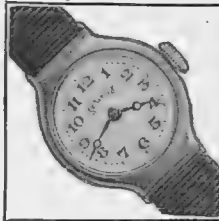
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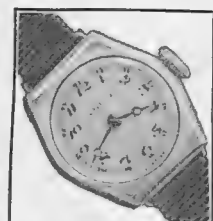
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for help to support a boy aged ten until next September, when he has obtained a vacancy in a good school and will receive a free education. He is a healthy, bright,



Edmund Harrington

MISS LEONIE HARRISON

Who was presented at this season's courts by the Hon Mrs. Graham-Murray, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Harrison, of Windsor Forest

and intelligent child, and should do well. His mother has been deserted by a ne'er-do-well husband, but she has managed to keep herself and the boy until now. She has been a saleswoman in a shoe shop, but she lost her job, as the senior saleswomen were replaced by juniors. She has been able to get only a temporary canvassing post with terribly poor pay, but she has taken this job rather than go on the dole. Her husband has treated her shamefully, and only occasionally sends her 2s. or 3s. a week. She has taken legal advice but cannot get blood out of a stone. Will you send donations towards the £8 needed.

The first week in July will see the Fifteenth National Baby Week, now known to all of us as a week when every citizen, man and woman alike, and every prospective citizen, school-boy and school-girl alike, will find their attention turned to matters concern-

ing the welfare of mothers and little children. The usual Baby Week film display in London, which will take place on July 6 in the Kingsway Hall, is to be augmented by a similar display on July 1 in Cardiff, where the Baby Week Conference on Maternity and Child Welfare will be held. Up and down the country on Baby Sunday—July 5—from many pulpits in all denominations the child welfare message will be preached, and Hyde Park (London) is to see child welfare speakers in full force. In short, National Baby Week bids fair to be a great event this year.

An interesting series of illustrations by some of the leading artists of the day will be shown at the Exhibition of Modern Press and Pictorial Advertising by Shell, which will be opened at the New Burlington Galleries, 5, Burlington Gardens, W.1, on June 17 next. The well-known series of Shell advertisements shown in this exhibition has proved that display work by the best illustrators and designers when used in the Press, forms the finest publicity.

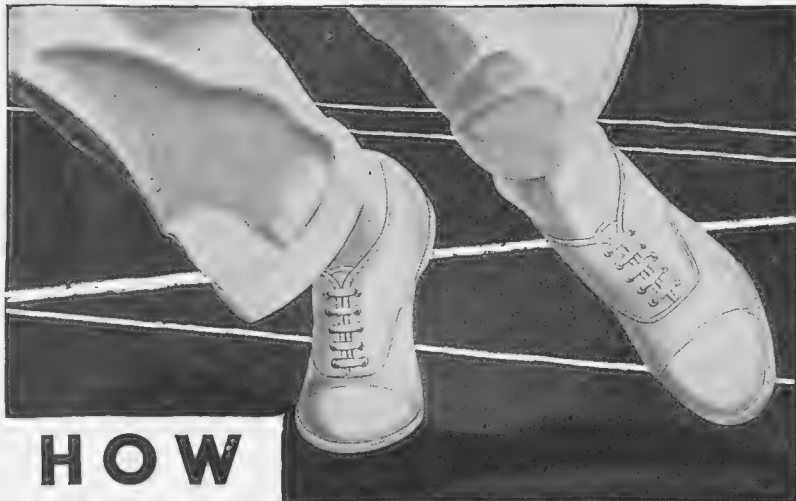
Exciting dashes by racing motor-cycles, cars, and aeroplanes, are becoming a commonplace sequel to every Derby. Rarely, however, has such a smart piece of work been witnessed as that by which one film of the Derby for the U.S. market was rushed to Plymouth in time to catch the SS. *Paris* of the French line. The race did not start until after 3 p.m., so it was quite out of question to catch the 3.30 boat train at Plymouth. A fast sports car, however, was obtained to rush the film to Croydon, where a specially chartered aeroplane, its engine running, was waiting to make the dash to Plymouth. The SS. *Paris* was, of course, the liner on which Texas Guinan, the night club queen, and her "sixteen beautiful kids" were returning to their native land.



Whyte

AVIEMORE STATION HOTEL

It is not always realized that the charm of the Cairngorms and the wonderful air of the Upper Strathspey are only a night's journey from London. Leaving the train at Aviemore Station there is situated the Aviemore Hotel on the main North Road from Perth to Inverness, in the most beautiful and bracing part of the Scottish Highlands. It stands about 700 ft. above sea level, and looks south and east to the Cairngorm mountains. The gardens and grounds extend to about 13 acres, and include two hard tennis courts, and croquet and putting lawns. Adjoining is the private 9-hole golf course, with loch and river fishing within easy distance.



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COMMERCIAL INFORMATION: Chamber of Commerce, Export Department.

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your spirits
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THE OXFORDSHIRE XI

R. S. Crisp

The team which met the Oxford University "A" XI at Oxford last week. The names, left to right, are: Back row—C. Walters, F. G. Crawshaw, J. A. Barnley, W. G. Kalaugher, J. Guilfayle, L. Rogers. Front row—F. Hartley, S. C. B. Lee, Captain B. J. Henry, W. W. Inge, J. A. Evetts



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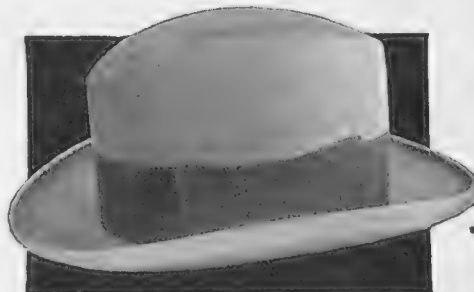
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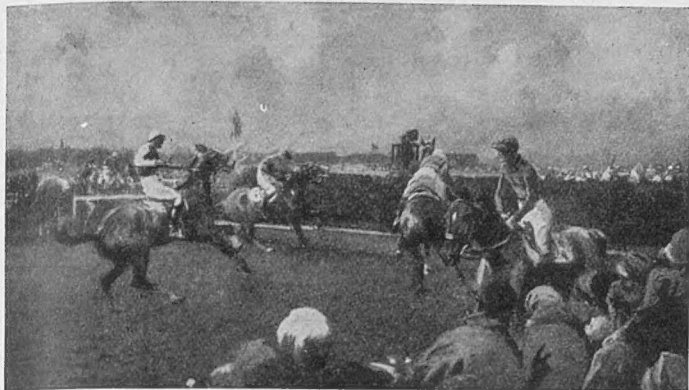


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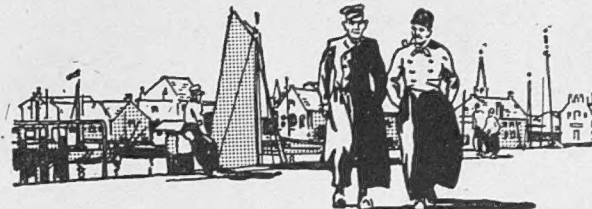
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